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POINCARE'S policy has never before received so substantial a blow as is the memorandum of the bankers called into consultation by the Reparation Commission. Belgian, Italian, British, Dutch, German, and American united—the French banker alone dissented—in setting forth in calm and measured terms that unless France changes her policy an international loan is impossible—and even Poincaré seems to admit that without such a loan there is no escape from Europe's financial chaos. The object of the proposed loan was to give France the money immediately needed for reparations without causing such a collapse in German credit as would ruin the hopes of future reparations payments. The bankers had been invited to advise upon the technical possibility of such a loan; they discovered, however, that the French and English texts of the invitation from the Reparation Commission differed, the French text prohibiting consideration of the present schedule of reparations payments, the English permitting it. They thereupon asked the Commission what it meant. Three of its four members replied that the bankers should discuss all questions bearing upon the reestablishment of Germany's external credit. The French member dissented.

UNDER such circumstances the bankers inevitably reported that they could not usefully continue their studies. "The known differences of view among the members of the commission as to the limit of the Committee's mandate have for the time being created an atmosphere unfavorable" to such a loan, they declared, and continued:

> France is Germany's chief creditor. In any reparation problems her interests are the most important factor. The members of the Committee had hoped that the chief benefit of any advice they could have given would have been derived by France. . . . If, therefore, France does not now desire any inquiry into the more general conditions necessary for the reestablishment of Germany's credit the committee do not feel justified in undertaking such inquiry.

The language is mild, but the inference is strong. If France wishes to play the spoiled child she will play it without indulgent admirers. But the bankers go further:

> The reestablishment of the general credit of Germany is impossible so long as the lending public feel no assurance that the obligations of Germany, as they are at present defined and as they may be enforced, are within her capacity or that her will and intention to meet them will be maintained. . . . So long as this is the position, an investor is bound to be influenced by the possibility that a collapse of German finance resulting from present uncertainty may produce a social upheaval.

No loan and no financial help for Europe until the Treaty of Versailles is revised—that is the plain meaning of the bankers' statement. They also make a guarded reference to the necessity for an adjustment of the interallied debts. Regarding these, as well as the reparation schedules, they insist that mere leniency is not enough; certainty is essential.

A YOUNG man by the name of Erich Anspach recently fell into the hands of the German police. Anspach was a dope-fiend aged 23, who had been arrested in 1921 for forging doctors' diplomas, but who had since reached higher stages in forgery. His only principle was to invent that which pleased the possible purchaser. He sold stories about communists to pan-Germans, and vice versa. He offered to Austria, to Czecho-Slovakia, and to the German Foreign Office the text of an alleged Franco-Polish treaty which he had manufactured in his laboratory. (We should like, by the way, to see the true text of the four Franco-Polish treaties which the Polish Diet, on motion of our aptronymic friend M. Grabski, ex-Minister of Finance, unanimously ratified on May 14. According to the brief announcement, one was "political," one "commercial," one dealt with "private property," and one with "oil.") Anspach's arrest followed his own boasts during a pleasant evening in a west-end Berlin cafe. He declared that he had sold to the French secret service and to André Lefèvre, French ex-Minister of War, a faked list of 104,000 members of the German *Schutzpolizei*, faked reports of secret munitions stations, of a plan for mobilization of the police as an army, of military student corps, of a secret German cabinet meeting, etc. Curiously, Anspach's reports seem to correspond closely with charges made by M. Lefèvre in the French Chamber last winter on the basis of "secret reports." It looks as if some of the charges freely made against Germany by French statesmen were based upon the purchased fabrications of a 23-year-old forger and dope-fiend.

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MUCH attention has been paid by the German press to the suit brought by Kurt Eisner's former secretary against several Bavarian newspapers which charged that he and Eisner had "falsified" the documents which they published in November, 1918. These documents showed that Germany had foreknowledge of the Austrian ultimatum and realized that it meant war. The Bavarian newspapers—except one, which had accused the secretary of being in Entente pay—were acquitted on the ground that while the published text of the documents was correct important portions of them had been omitted, thus distorting their meaning. The parts omitted show that Germany was making strenuous efforts to "localize" the Austro-Serbian conflict and thus to avoid a European war. She urged Austria not to mobilize on her Russian frontier and agreed not to mobilize herself. This tends to confirm what reasonable men have long believed: that Berlin did not deliberately plot the war and force it upon Europe. It confirms Mr. Lloyd George's chance remark that no nation had willed the war; all had slipped into it. But it does not absolve Germany's 1914 statesmen of criminal *Leichtsinnigkeit*. They wanted to "localize the conflict" but they were willing to gamble on the chance that it might not be localized; as the dispatch from Count von Schoen, Bavarian charge in Berlin, dated July 18, 1914, showed, they more than suspected that it could not be localized. "Serbia obviously cannot accept such conditions as will be laid down," he wrote. "There must be war." Those who maintain that the entire guilt falls on either of the two European groups will find little comfort in study of the undeleted Eisner-Von Schoen documents.

THOSE "splendid Americans"—the phrase is A. Mitchell Palmer's—"who helped in the great work" of taking over German property and patents during the war neglected one matter which, when there was war to be waged and money to be made, was unimportant. They did not take over German safety devices to protect men in aniline-dye factories; nor have our States copied Germany's compensation laws covering occupational diseases. The most deadly of the new chemicals is benzene or benzol—a coal-tar product valuable as a solvent in many industries. Dr. Alice Hamilton, writing on The Growing Menace of Benzene Poisoning in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, declares that benzene, a much more powerful solvent than petroleum benzin and naphtha for fats, gums, and resins, is now cheaper than they, hence the manufacturer is doubly tempted to use it. Benzene, however, is a dangerous poison. So powerful is its effect upon certain persons that there is on record the case of an

> English tank car which had been emptied of benzene, washed with water, then steamed out, then left for twenty-four hours full of water, washed out twice, boiled for twelve hours, and finally left for ten days with the 16-inch (40 cm.) manhole open. Nevertheless, the man who was sent in collapsed; and, although he was pulled out in time, one of his rescuers died.

Such cases abundantly justify Dr. Hamilton's conclusion: "To the manufacturer, the introduction of this cheap and powerful solvent may seem an advantage; to the physician, interested in the producer more than in the product, it can only seem a disastrous innovation in industry."

THE Senate, in its precipitate acceptance of nearly every increase attached by its Military Affairs committee to the army appropriation bill drawn by the House of Representatives, paused briefly when Senator Borah challenged the increase from $500,000 to $750,000 for the Chemical Warfare Service. He pointed out that the recent Arms Conference had prohibited "the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices." Whereupon Senator Wadsworth, chairman of the committee, replied: "May I simply state that the amount is merely for research work and will not permit the Chemical Warfare Service to manufacture anything in quantity? Most of this research, in fact practically all of it, will be on the defensive side." Does any one imagine that a Chemical Warfare Service would ever "manufacture in quantity" for a possible future war? And what human being can demonstrate the dividing line in poison-gas experimentation between the offensive and defensive? Yet, on a roll call roughly following party lines, the Senate promptly passed the increase by a vote of 46 to 22. Senators Ladd and France, we regret to say, voted for poison gas.

SOME months ago there were rumors of a tacit understanding that no further reductions would be made in the wages of the Big Four brotherhoods—engineers, conductors, firemen, and trainmen—but that the other eleven craft unions of men engaged in railroad work would all receive substantial reductions with the approval of the Labor Board. The reason assigned had nothing to do with justice and everything to do with power. The Big Four could tie up the railroads; the other unions because of internal weakness and the pressure of hard times might temporarily cripple service, but could not conduct a successful strike. It looks as if rumor had been right. A series of decisions by the Labor Board means that by July 1 wages of all railroad workers outside the Big Four will have been cut; nothing has been said about cuts for the Big Four; all other unions are taking strike votes, the Big Four are not. Thus is scripture fulfilled: "Unto him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." There is another and more modern labor scripture which the Big Four may soon learn: "An injury to one is an injury to all." When that happens, there will be one union for railroad men.

PUBLIC opinion has a way of being excited about the wrong things. There has, for example, been somewhat of a flurry about the two mergers of independent steel companies on the ground that they would still further restrict competition in steel. It seems to us that the defenders of the mergers are probably right in saying that these combinations will give the independents greater strength in competition with the United States Steel Corporation. At any rate there is an abundance of evidence that there has been no real competition in steel since the trust was formed two decades ago. What is significant about the three-company merger is the vicious stock-gambling on the curb market in stocks not yet issued and the immense reward to the lawyer and bankers who engineer the deal. According to the provisional agreement they are to get $7,000,000 in stock: they and their heirs for generations to come are to have that much claim upon the labor of those who actually produce steel. These things show once more that modern capitalization is based in large part not on honest investment of hard-earned savings but on a mere estimate of earning power in which the possession of special privilege of one sort or another is a very considerable factor.

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THE news that the editor of the *Emancipator*, a newspaper in the Virgin Islands, has been officially censured by the Government's Secretary for printing a Federated Press dispatch about the American occupation in Santo Domingo is hardly surprising. When a nation goes in for imperialism it inevitably carries with it the trappings of empire. But we are still near enough to the days when the "United States" and "freedom" were relatively synonymous, when our constitutional liberties were still something more than a mere phrase, for the rebuke to be accompanied by this verbiage:

> While there is no desire or attempt on the part of this Government to muzzle the press of these islands, yet the Government cannot look with tolerance upon any article tending to discredit the military forces of the United States who are acting under the strict orders of the President.

Needless to say, the Virgin Islanders may go it as strong as they like on the relative vitamin values of the banyan and the pawpaw, or inveigh with the utmost acerbity against the predatory habits of the deep-sea barracuda. But they should not forget that they are now emancipated from old-world monarchy, and are entitled to the full blessings of the new freedom and normalcy.

AT regular intervals the Japanese Government solemnly avows to the world that to its deep regret it will have to continue its military occupation of Siberia in order to protect Japanese residents and interests there. Now come the Japanese residents of Siberia and, with the candor that people often have and their governments never, announce publicly that the army is precious little protection to them and that they want to go home. In fact, they say in effect that the troops are a handicap to them. In their petition to the home Government they dwell on the unfavorable conditions under which Japanese are forced to do business in Siberia owing to the political situation. They ask the Government to come to some final decision whether the troops will withdraw or remain, to restore economic relations with Siberia, and otherwise enable the Japanese to regain the economic foothold they have lost. In the meantime the petitioners wish to return home and ask to be indemnified for their losses. All of which is to say that the hatred the presence of Japanese troops has engendered in Siberians has made impossible the development of a profitable Japanese market in Siberia.

BULGARIA is having a high time these days, both in and out of the newspapers. In the newspapers she has had a full-fledged revolution: the Communists join with the peasants (who, as the party in power, had been as busily raiding and jailing Communists as any Mitchell Palmer) and the king takes to flight. This was in our newspapers; the Bulgarians, it turned out, had not heard of it until the telegraphic inquiries began pouring in. What they heard was that the king's sisters, much moved by the Government's no-votes-for-women-who-don't-work act, had taken to washing dishes (the reports negligently omit to tell how many they broke) and that the king himself publicly scratched weeds in the back yard of the palace to encourage the rest of the populace to other and probably harder work. Meanwhile the Peasant Party held mass meetings and cheered their peasant premier Stambuliski, who talked gallantly about the way he intended to put the rich loafers of the capital to work. The real purpose of the whole hullabaloo, however, was to protest against the proposal of the Reparation Commission that Bulgaria turn over control of her mines, forests, and customs revenues and let the Allies run them. The Bulgarians complain that the Allied control commission already occupies 100 of the best hotel rooms in Sofia and that its employees do nothing but live high and charge expenses to Bulgaria. We predict that the Allies will succeed, despite the peasants' protest, in reducing Bulgaria to the level of a South American colony of a Wall Street bank.

COLUMBIA and New York universities have issued carefully worded statements in reply to *The Nation's* charge that by the application of new types of tests for candidates for admission they had reduced the proportion of Jews in their incoming classes. But the Columbia authorities have not denied that in the two years following application of the new tests the percentage of Jews admitted fell from 40 to 22. And Chancellor Brown of New York University admits: "We do not simply take the student whose application was first on file but the one who, according to the best judgment of our Committee, gives the best promises of making good as a useful member of society." There is no objective test of a young student's prospective usefulness. So vague a standard, applied by old-stock Americans to boys and girls of immigrant origin, naturally results in a limitation of the number of Jews admitted. No committee can be depended upon to apply such a test without conscious or unconscious prejudice. We do not charge that the psychologists who prepare the mental tests have any thought of racial discrimination, but the application of these tests, together with the concomitant tests of character, inevitably gives an opportunity for race prejudice and has, in fact, resulted in discrimination against the Jews. The only way for the universities to disprove our charge is to publish figures showing them to be untrue. We challenge the authorities of Columbia and New York universities to make public their figures upon the proportion of Jews in each incoming class before and after the introduction of the system of psychological and concomitant tests.

IT happens now and then in a heartless world that a would-be-bride is left waiting at the church, but how often has it happened to an already-is-groom to be left waiting on the dock—while the fair lady sails off for Europe? Anyhow it has happened once to a newly-wedded man of whom the newspapers tell—and he will probably insist that a single such experience is enough for all time. The twain were made one in New Jersey, after which the groom left hurriedly for Philadelphia while the bride proceeded to the steamship George Washington in New York, where her newly-acquired husband was to join her just before the time of sailing. Why the man had to go to Philadelphia the newspaper accounts fail to explain. Perhaps he had forgotten his money—a detail of some consequence on a honeymoon. Anyhow, owing to the odd custom whereby the railroads into New York run on Eastern standard time while the transatlantic liners depart according to daylight saving schedules, the groom arrived an hour after the steamship—and the bride—were on the deep. We submit that even in this hectic and slap-dash age it is unusual for a bride to sail away on her honeymoon without the partner-to-be of her joys and sorrows. Still it might have been worse. She might have started off without her trousseau.

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The American Taff Vale Case

THE unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the Coronado Coal Company case does not seem to have satisfied anybody. The coal companies involved have lost their judgment, which totaled close to a million dollars, and have moved for a rehearing. The unions find themselves saddled with the liability to be sued at law as if they were corporate entities, and Mr. Gompers protests—and quite rightly—that this is an American Taff Vale decision. It is all quite mystifying and it probably will be some time before the implications of the decision have become plain.

The facts are reasonably clear. The Coronado Coal Company and two other corporations, all of which represented the same financial interests and had a common management, in 1914 were operating union mines in Prairie Creek Valley, Arkansas, under a wage agreement with District No. 21 of the United Mine Workers. The wage agreement, similar to those which had been in effect for years in the surrounding territory, expired on July 1. In March the operators decided to "run non-union." They shut down the mines, discharged the union miners, evicted them from the company houses, and prepared to reopen with a new force. Bache, the manager, realized that "this means a bitter fight." He imported rifles and ammunition; he hired guards from the Burns Detective Agency, and generally put the mines upon a basis not unlike a state of siege. On April 6 he tried to reopen one mine with a crew of strike-breakers. Trouble began at once with a riot which resulted in the flooding of the mines, and continued with great bitterness for more than three months, culminating in an armed attack led by union men, in which two strike-breakers were killed, mine buildings were burned, and much other property destroyed. Of course there can be no possible justification for the conduct of either party in such a situation, which was industrial warfare in the literal sense of the term.

The operators then began suit for damages against the United Mine Workers, against District 21, and against the local unions involved. They contended that since 75 per cent of their coal went into interstate trade, the strike was part of a great conspiracy by the United Mine Workers to restrain interstate commerce in coal by completely unionizing the industry and thus lessening competition between union and non-union mines. They contended further that the various unions were suable as much and apart from the liability of their individual members, and that they were responsible in damages for the unlawful acts of their members. The lower courts sustained all these contentions and the operators secured a verdict for treble damages under the anti-trust law.

This verdict the Supreme Court has now set aside upon the ground that there was no evidence to show that the Arkansas strike was part of a conspiracy to violate the anti-trust law, and the decision in this regard is a defeat for those who for some years have been endeavoring with much ability to build up a body of cases to support the contention that a strike in an interstate industry may in itself be an unlawful restraint of trade. Although a serious setback to that campaign, the decision does not foreclose the possibility of success at a later date. The court based its opinion upon three considerations: (1) That the International Board of the United Mine Workers did not order or ratify the strike; (2) that there were enough local grievances to account for the strike called by District No. 21 and the local unions, and no intent on their part to restrain interstate trade was shown; and (3) that in any event the amount of coal affected (5,000 tons a week) was not sufficient to have an appreciable effect on interstate competition.

What the decision would have been if production had been greater or if the International Board had ordered the strike was not made plain. The Chief Justice is clear that the mere mining of coal destined for another State is not in itself interstate commerce. But he also states that if the national body had used "unlawful means" to unionize mines "whose product was important in affecting prices in interstate commerce," it would have been guilty under the anti-trust law. Whether culpability would then depend on the illegality of the means adopted, or on the resultant effect upon prices, or on both is not stated, and thus the subject is left as vague and ill-defined as it was left by the famous "rule of reason" laid down in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Co. cases. It is a pity that the court did not take this opportunity to clarify the subject once and for all so that the public could tell what the problem of labor under the anti-trust law really is and decide what to do about it.

The court's decision on the anti-trust law point was enough for the complete disposition of the case. It called for a reversal of the judgment and for the direction of a verdict for the defendants. The Chief Justice, however, was not content to let the matter rest there but included in his opinion a decision of another question of prime importance. This related to the suability of labor unions for injuries which they may cause. Unions are unincorporated associations and heretofore have been considered subject to suit only by action against their individual members. The verdict in the famous Danbury Hatters case, for example, was recovered and collected in this manner. In 1901 in the Taff Vale decision England's highest court, the House of Lords, laid down the rule that labor unions could be sued as such, and that strike funds in their treasuries could be made subject to the payment of damages. This proceeded upon the theory that, because the existence of labor unions was recognized as lawful and because they acted as highly organized business entities and had become very powerful, it was anomalous not to hold them responsible for their actions. It was held that as a practical matter the right of suit against individual members is an unsubstantial form of redress for injuries done by the organization.

In the Coronado case our Supreme Court has now adopted the rule and the reasoning of the House of Lords. The implications of the decision are very great. Since the unions are now held to be suable it means in all probability that even in a strike which is itself lawful they are to be held liable for the lawless acts of their most irresponsible members (unless contrary to explicit instructions), for the courts will be quick to find a theory of agency by which the act of each member during a strike will be held to be the act of the union. And what is more, it is likely that the union will be subject to liability in damages for ascertainable injury to the employer's business profits whenever the court holds that the purpose of a particular strike was unlawful. In practice this will mean that the union must

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estimate in advance the chances of judicial approval or condemnation of its purposes and strike at its peril if it has guessed wrong. Judges however incorruptible are almost always drawn from a class which by interest, education, and environment is little fitted to appreciate the realities of the industrial struggle from the standpoint of the workers. Yet a judicial decision may leave labor with no alternative but acquiescence in exploitation or open revolt.

That this is a terrific blow to organized labor as the law now stands cannot be doubted. And yet we cannot regard it as an unmixed misfortune. The English courts applied to the industrial struggle the old rigid conception of property rights and actionable injuries. The Taff Vale decision by throwing a high light on the situation brought about the adoption of the Trade Disputes Act of 1906, which has been of inestimable value to the British worker. In recent years our courts have gone far in rigidifying the law of industrial relations by the same conceptions which were found unworkable in England. Hence arises a crying need for a sweeping legislative clarification of the whole subject. By fixing the legal responsibility of the unions the Supreme Court has focused attention upon the real meat of the problem. The question is not whether unions should be responsible—irresponsible power should exist nowhere in a democratic state—but how far they should be responsible, and for whose actions. A new code of industrial law is needed, built not upon the old notion of the utter inviolability of private property but upon the modern idea that industry is a vibrant group of human relations growing out of human needs.

To secure such a code will not be easy. We have as many sets of laws as we have States. The Supreme Court in Truax *vs.* Corrigan has seriously limited the power of Congress or the States to legislate in the field. But such a code we must have, by constitutional amendment if necessary. The American Federation of Labor has no time to lose in the preparation of such a code and in urging its adoption by whatever democratic processes may be needed.

Beating Guns into Filing Cabinets

WHOEVER opposes the Hull Bill now before Congress must render himself suspect of an interest in profiteering. Its appeal is universal. It is designed to relieve unemployment, to eliminate one of the causes of war, and to reduce taxation, and it has been so carefully drawn and so laboriously buttressed by facts that it can hardly be attacked except on the ground that it prevents profiteers from pursuing their peculiar forms of happiness. Much of the propaganda for peace lacks the ballast of immediate practicability. Most measures for the relief of unemployment increase taxation. Most proposals for the reduction of taxes contain some threat to labor. The Hull Bill avoids the weaknesses of each of these worthy purposes. It provides that as long as the government needs war supplies at all they shall be turned out by government plants, and that the arsenals and navy yards of the United States be utilized not only to turn out armor plate, high explosives, and big guns but desks and filing cabinets as well; that as the war needs of the country decrease, government plants be increasingly utilized for peace-time production. Productive efficiency is guaranteed by a provision that requires the government plants to bid upon all contracts in the open market against private contractors.

This proposal is not based on aspiration alone but on a thorough technical analysis of the economics and engineering of government needs and the facilities for their satisfaction. At a recent hearing on the bill before the House Committee on Naval Affairs Otto S. Beyer, Jr., consulting engineer of the Labor Bureau, gave the results of a six months' investigation of the subject undertaken in behalf of the International Association of Machinists. Mr. Beyer's evidence showed that the United States has $350,000,000 of manufacturing facilities in its arsenals and navy yards, that $300,000,000 worth of equipment and supplies which these plants are equipped to manufacture are bought each year from private contractors, and that a saving of 33 per cent could be made in the cost of this material if government yards were utilized to their fullest extent in its manufacture. The yards are now from 50 to 90 per cent idle. To use them in this way would save the government—and the taxpayer—some $100,000,000 a year. Mr. Beyer's figures show that, contrary to common suspicion, government plants are more efficient than private ones. Using the standards of evaluation of the Hoover Committee on Waste Elimination he found arsenals 13.6 per cent and navy yards 18.7 per cent more efficient than private metal trades plants. On the basis of costs alone government plants can make for $68 what will cost the government $100 to buy from outside contractors. As Mr. Beyer said to the committee,

> This allows the government a leeway of 32 units for red tape, administrative inefficiency, and all the other high crimes usually charged by interested parties against government operation, before reaching the private plant cost. With any kind of operation at all it is a margin which the government cannot well exceed.

His testimony was drawn from the actual performance of both arsenals and navy yards. The arsenal experience was principally that centered in the Arsenal Orders Section of the Ordnance Department which for a considerable period during the war was under Mr. Beyer's direction. During two years' activity, the arsenals worked on more than $1,000,000 worth of orders for government supplies, secured in competition with private bidders. The bids of the next lowest private bidder, known on about half this total volume of orders, total more than 32 per cent higher than the arsenal bids on the same work. All the arsenal cost-sheets available show orders filled at less than the arsenals' own bids, except in two cases in which the losses were so small as to be negligible.

If the Hull Bill is passed the credit will largely be due to the machinists' union and its advisers. President Johnston is to be congratulated on his statesmanship in supporting it; it represents the best type of labor-union leadership. He has placed his organization squarely behind the movement for disarmament and has given the lie to those who predicted that labor in government plants would be among the big army and big navy forces. He has done this in such a way as to strengthen rather than weaken his position with his constituents—who are crying for work. And, finally, he has built a substantial technical support for a measure of first-rate public importance and unquestionable merit. He now seeks public pressure upon a dilatory Congress.

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Protesting Too Much

ONE need not be a student of America's recent plunges into imperialism to suspect something rotten in Haiti at the moment. Our imperialists do protest too much. First there was the full-page article in the New York *Herald* of Sunday, May 14, appearing simultaneously in the Boston *Herald* and elsewhere, How I Helped the Voodoo Priest Slay His Victims, a lurid and picturesque piece of fiction purporting to be "an actual and literal transcription of the testimony given by a young Creole woman before an examining party of United States marines." We do not know just how an "examining party" among the marines functions. But we do know that reviving the time-honored myths about Haitian voodooism, savagery, and cannibalism has been the first and last refuge of the apologists who conceal and deny our own shameful record in that tiny republic.

Then on May 28 came a full-page story in the New York *Tribune* (properly qualified by the editor as published without responsibility for its conclusions) American Occupation of Haiti Is Called Salvation of Country, by H. P. Davis. Mr. Davis is the Occupation's handy-man, frequently alluded to in the testimony before the Senatorial Committee, the vice-president and general manager of the United West Indies Trading Company, whose president testified: "Those of us who believe in the future of Haiti believe that we would not invest capital in Haiti if we could get only 9 or 10 per cent out of it. We believe that the prospects are far in excess of 10 per cent." Mr. Davis finds that the present High Commissioner, General Russell, "has ably demonstrated his complete fitness for this most difficult and important position"; and that the new president, Louis Borno, "has every possible reason for desiring and promoting sincere and effective cooperation." This last statement is strictly true; Mr. Borno owes his job and his safety in it to the presence of American bayonets.

On June 4 a full-page article appeared in the New York *World*, whose editor-in-chief has taken a vigorous stand against the propaganda that fills American newspapers. This article, also widely syndicated, was called Haiti's Start toward Real Government Evidenced by the Recent Inauguration; it was signed "by an American Officer" and had an indorsement by the editor. The anonymous American officer is at great pains to prove that the election of Mr. Borno was legal, regular, and without the "slightest interference from the American authorities." Borno, he tells us, is a man who is "venerated for his sincere, practical patriotism." The adjective is descriptive. "A practical patriot" must be a man who sells his country. For, as the article states, "Borno, even before his election, openly declared his attitude toward the American occupation. The treaty of 1915 which secured the occupation in Haiti . . . was the work of Borno. He has already given assurance to the American High Commissioner of his willingness to cooperate with the American representative in everything. . ." Quite true. But just how truthful otherwise is the handiwork of this unknown soldier may be judged by his statement that "the American occupation had absolutely nothing to do with the voting of the constitution of 1918 or the preparation of the people in a favorable attitude." Are we to believe that the officer's recent chief, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, self-styled author of that constitution, is a prevaricator? Has the anonymous author-officer forgotten the proclamations posted in every Haitian town on June 11, 1918, signed by marine officers, declaring that abstention from voting the new constitution "would be considered an unpatriotic—that is, anti-American occupation—act?"

What does it all mean? Why this rush of self-defense? Merely that the situation in Haiti, despite the whitewash of the Senatorial Committee, despite Mr. Hughes's obscurantism, despite Mr. Harding's faithlessness to his solemn pledge, leaves much to be desired from the point of view of the concessionnaires and the interventionists. For the world's spotlight is turned on Haiti. It had been easy to do almost anything under cover of a military censorship; but now that it is proposed to "put over" a loan which will enslave Haiti for all time, it is important that certain recognized forms be observed; that the appearance of benevolence, harmony, good-will, and general cooperation be full observed. This accounts, in part, for the sudden attempt by American officers to erase the color line which they had drawn, a painful though obviously a temporary expedient. Everything *must* be serene and lovely in Haiti. Once the loan goes through, well, 'twill be a different story.

Restive Voters

IT is open to some doubt just how much progressivism—beyond dislike of machine politics—was recorded in the Indiana and Pennsylvania primaries. There is room for less doubt in the case of Colonel Brookhart's impressive victory in the Iowa Senatorial primaries. He stands for a type of agrarian radicalism which seeks to commend itself to industrial workers. He denounced Newberryism, supported the agricultural bloc, and vehemently criticized the Esch-Cummins transportation bill. His nomination is therefore a direct rebuke to the Administration and to the leaders of his own party. It is the more impressive because voters saw through some rather clever Old Guard tricks to divide the radical strength.

Victories like this forecast an easy triumph for Senator La Follette in Wisconsin and ought to put heart into the Nonpartisan League campaign in North Dakota. They are a reflection in politics of the recovery by the American people of a certain measure of critical capacity. There are other evidences of such recovery. The churches are beginning to sing Onward Christian Soldiers with some of the implications of 1912 rather than of 1917. A Conference of Methodist ministers in Evanston, Illinois, and of a newly formed Christian Fellowship at Lake Mohonk went farther in the direction of reality as contrasted with sentimentality than is usual in such gatherings. At the latter conference William Austin Smith, the editor of the *Churchman*, made an address calling on the churches to say that in the future —whatever may have been true in the past—war would be wholly incompatible with Christianity, and the address was well received. Still more significant is the growing American taste for realism in literature and the drama. It means something that the America of Main Street should be willing to read about itself and even, now and then, to see the gods of the typical go-getter blasphemed upon the stage.

Things like these, combined with occasional evidences of an employer with a conscience, are the proofs of those "liberal tendencies" which, with the subsidence of war hysteria, are multiplying in number. They have a distinctly

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hopeful significance provided that they are viewed in proper proportion. We do not despise the day of small things. But the day of small things will never lead to the day of great achievements if those who desire to escape cynicism or despair fall into a fatuous optimism. The plain truth is that the forces of revolt and constructive change are quite inadequate to the situation that confronts us. The politico-economic situation is illustrative. Renascent progressivism, even in its more positive forms, has scarcely faced the more obvious and superficial problems of our times, still less sought their fundamental causes. The degradation of political democracy by "Newberryism" is bad; it is less vitally serious to human well-being than the utter contravention of freedom, of which political prisoners and criminal syndicalist statutes and lynchings are the shameful evidence. Yet against these things the progressives do not cry to high heaven. We are on the verge of passing the least defensible tariff in our history. It is not popular; yet there is less militant opposition to it than to the old McKinley bill, and so good a man as Senator Ladd of the Nonpartisan League is voting with the Old Guard for it. We are in the midst of a coal strike, but no one—except a few congenital radicals suspected of a socialist tinge—is insistently asking who owns the coal and by what right certain private individuals who claim title should make workers and consumers pay so heavy a toll to them.

Revived progressivism has no coherent foreign policy. It is confused in its thinking about Russia and Germany. Financial imperialism, backed by the Government, is making the Western Hemisphere the exploiting-ground of American bankers, but few there are to warn the country that such financial concessions pave the road to war. Still less do our progressives note such fundamental indictments of our social and economic structure as men like J. A. Hobson, Thorstein Veblen, Sidney A. Reeve, R. H. Tawney, and other students have recently proffered. If they are right, lesser evils are the natural consequence of a system which is inherently wrong and assuredly headed for disaster. The main business of the plain citizen as well as of political and economic thinkers is to consider the danger before us and what remedy may be found.

To the left of those whom we have called progressives there are radical individuals and organized groups in America which are concerned with fundamental problems. We cannot pause here to examine the reasons for their relative ineffectiveness. One explanation of it is suggested in the words with which Henry Raymond Mussey closed a review in a recent issue of *The Nation:*

> To rebuild the bridge of economic life more in accord with the principle of service and without interruptions to the traffic that must move over it in expanding volume day by day is a task demanding better thinking than our generation has yet done.

This "better thinking" must bring about a change in the philosophy and organization of labor, in the reaction of consumers to prices, of citizens to special privilege, of provincial patriots to world problems, before much can be hoped from any concerted political or economic action. In the meantime progressive movements in the old parties, a third party movement, or the formation of a liberal bloc in Congress will have their uses, educationally as well as in concrete achievement, provided that in the attempt to ameliorate this or that symptom men do not forget to look for the cause and cure of the underlying disease.

Women, Great and Less Great

The wise and god-like Pericles,
As quoted by Thucydides,
Gave utterance to thoughts like these:

"That woman is of best renown
Who is least talked of in the town,
Whether they praise or run her down."

"I never shall agree to that!"
Says Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

THE learned professor who wrote those lines was himself wise in that he did not reveal whether he agreed with Pericles or with Mrs. Catt, but the New York *Times* is less discreet. In response to the request of the League of Women Voters for help in supplying Miss Graciela Mandujano of Chile with the names of America's twelve greatest women, the *Times* announces that "the twelve greatest women in the United States are women who have never been heard of outside of their own home," thus planting itself squarely beside the ancient sage. And certainly if self-abnegation and fortitude and tireless work are the marks of greatness, great women are to be found in the vast majority of homes in every city and village and prairie in the country. But greatness, as the world judges it, does not consist in a readiness to sacrifice a career for the sake of one's husband's, to try too late to take it up again, and "still," as the *Times* says, "to smile." Martyrs may lean toward these more domestic virtues, but greatness of other sorts demands active qualities, among them a belief that one's work is of infinite importance, and a determination to keep driving at it at all costs.

Recognizing this, the *Times* suggests the names of twelve women who have achieved greatness as greatness goes in our modern American life. Here is its list: Geraldine Farrar, Edith Wharton, Carrie Chapman Catt, Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, Alice Paul, Ida Tarbell, Jane Addams, Amy Lowell, Mrs. Fiske, M. Carey Thomas, Mary Pickford, and Agnes Repplier. It is a good list, the more convincing because it includes opponents as well as friends of the prejudices and policies of the *Times*. It is a good list, too, because it is calculated to arouse controversy as well as respect. Certainly we cannot let any contest in greatness come to a close without casting about 900,000 votes for Margaret Sanger, who, we believe, has done more for the freedom of women than Carrie Chapman Catt and Alice Paul and both of their organizations rolled into one. Consequently if Agnes Repplier will kindly step off into obscurity we will put Margaret Sanger in her place. Cecilia Beaux must go in; we consider her a greater artist than Mary Pickford. Emma Goldman is a great woman and an American despite the fact that we disagree with her about almost everything and that the house committee has stricken her from the rolls of this rather exclusive country club called the United States. As a publicist she makes Ida Tarbell seem inconsiderable. Florence Kelley must go in even if it means that Geraldine Farrar goes out; and either Ethel Barrymore or Julia Marlowe must take the place of Mrs. Fiske. Now the list looks better to us and we feel that Miss Mandujano can safely approach her task of collecting the views of the country's greatest. Certainly if she takes all the lists that have been offered her she will have a varied collection. We urge her to pay no attention to the opinions of Pericles. Mrs. Catt is right.

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Austria—May, 1922

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Vienna, May 15

INTO the Hotel Bristol there walked the other afternoon on crutches the wreck of a woman to sell the guests autographed pictures of a wonderful actress, wonderful in her looks, her charm, and her histrionic ability. When I was last in Vienna Helene Odilon was probably the foremost actress in German-speaking Europe. Fortunes were lavished upon her, her salary was enormous, managers fell over themselves to get her to visit their theaters. Now fate has reduced her to absolute beggary. The queen of the stage is today hawking the pictures of her past as the flower-women pester one in the restaurants with their wares.

To many the fate of Helene Odilon seems the fate of Austria. In numerous ways the parallel is exact. Austria, too, is partly paralyzed; Austria, too, bespeaks public charity and needs it. For Austria, too, it is now a struggle to keep body and soul together. The gaiest and most gallant of cities, rejoicing in the pomp and circumstance of a court whose ceremonial exceeded that of any other in costly magnificence, with an aristocracy as light-living as any in the world, Vienna today appears somber beside the ghost of its own past, beside that Vienna which Kaiser Franz Josef gambled away when he allowed the mischief-makers of his Foreign Office to cajole or to lead him into the war with Serbia. Half her population today lives from hand to mouth, just being able to keep body and soul together. Many are slowly fading away from undernourishment. Nearly everybody dreads the morrow, dares not look into the future—certainly not the middle class, many of whom have lived so far only by selling their life-time acquirements. "Are Russian conditions coming?" is the query repeatedly put to foreigners suspected of having special knowledge. "Is there hope of help ere we perish?"—hard questions to answer when within a week the krone has dropped from 8,500 to 10,000 to the dollar and an official statement declares that the cost of living rose 25 per cent between April 15 and May 15; when the Allies move but slowly to give financial aid and will not admit the plain truth that the plight of Austria today is due far more to the Treaty of St. Germain than to the war. The crimes of the infamous treaties are bringing all Europe down; it is literally at the door of the old men who made them that here as in other countries life has for multitudes become merely a desperate struggle to exist, without rest, or peace, or joy, or pleasure, or color, or light, or hope, with dread ever clutching at their throats.

Not that Austria's situation is as hopeless as Helene Odilon's. The worst of it is that this decay of a state, this terrible suffering, is preventable. It could be speedily ended if all concerned were to buckle to the task with the will to victory over the existing economic evils. Indeed, there is much that is cheering about the situation. Beyond question the population looks and is a great deal better than it was two years ago. The noble work of the Friends Mission and of English and American generosity—unprecedented in the history of war—has saved thousands upon thousands of children as did the hospitality of neutral countries like Switzerland and Holland. Food there is now in plenty; it is no longer a wild, desperate struggle to get it, but the cost of it often puts it beyond reach. I hear it said that the working people have no reason to complain and it is true that some of them are doing very well—if they are not of the growing army of hard drinkers and if there are one or two wage-earners in the family besides the head. But a family I know of whose two heads bring in 210,000 crowns a month have a desperate struggle to live and educate their three children. When carfares cost 850 crowns a day—they will shortly be 1,200—when a pound of meat costs 1,200 to 1,500 crowns, when bread costs between 850 and 1,000 a loaf and may soon go to 1,200, when eggs are beyond reach, milk a luxury, and butter unheard of, when a piece of soap costs 850 crowns and is hardly usable then, and a collar cannot be bought for less than 1,200, then in such a family the matter of clothes becomes a catastrophe, even where the workers are skilled and draw much more than 210,000 a month.

Plainly it is not in the financial condition of the people that we must look for cheer, particularly in view of the unemployment. It is rather in their extraordinary patience and endurance, in the courage of their leaders, and in the undeveloped resources of even this fragment of a country which is all that the victors have left to Austria. This country has resources both in its people and its possessions. Even in its present state the skill of its workingmen has not suffered though their output has decreased per hour or per day. Austrians are an extraordinarily inventive people, as our Patent Office can testify. They have rare taste, as their shop windows bear witness—many Americans would rather shop here than in Paris. They are a people primarily interested in fine retail production; they are not naturally organizers or operators of industry on a great scale. But they are remarkably artistic and so we have it that, while multitudes suffer and wonder how they can keep body and soul together, in the fine arts there was never greater activity. Musicians, actors, sculptors, painters—wherever one turns the creative fever rages. The opera is superb and nearly pays its way. Even with the depreciated currency foreign artists are coming here to sing and play for a public which understands and appreciates. True, the opera audiences are largely composed of foreigners. Among the throng that stands every night at the opera are many who sat in the best seats before the war and among the Austrians present are many who were never able to go to the opera—these are familiar phenomena in all European countries. Of course, many who used to be the most regular attendants can no longer go. The old aristocracy has simply faded away. It can no longer be distinguished in the Ring; its once wonderful equipages have gone; it has in considerable degree retired to its country seats in mortal terror that it will find itself dispossessed from them. Yet somehow or other the commercially maintained theaters sustain themselves and all are hospitable to new talent and new ideas. I saw an exquisite performance given by Ellen Tels, the Russian dancer, and five of her extraordinarily gifted pupils, and the great audience seemed to me to be largely Viennese. That same evening there was opened in the National, formerly the Royal, Library an exhibition of

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books, documents, manuscripts, and other treasures, including two early Shakespeare folios, which this republican government had found in the library and proposes to make more generally available. The President of the Republic thought it worth his while to open this exhibit in person.

One finds it hard to believe, therefore, that a people so gifted and so devoted to the nobler aspirations of mankind can be in danger of perishing from the earth. But when one turns to the economic side of things it is hard not to surrender to the blackest kind of pessimism, which is particularly noticeable among the foreign newspaper writers in Vienna, especially those who have recently visited the Balkan states and Hungary. They frankly do not see any light ahead, not because they are without remedies to suggest or because there are no real remedies, but chiefly because there is nowhere in Europe that Christian and healing spirit of friendliness and good-will which seems essential to any restoration of Europe to sanity and order. The wickedness of Versailles has poisoned men's minds and souls everywhere; nationalism and militarism flourish, together with grim reaction, in more than one country. The old and new nations of Central Europe and of the Balkans dying of a common disease cannot come together for their common cause. A customs union of the Little Entente plus Austria, Hungary, Poland, Italy, and Germany is one of the first things that sound statesmanship would suggest. Yet it is today impossible. The attitude of the new countries, which in the last analysis owe their existence to American troops, is responsible. They are so jealous of their newly acquired sovereignties and their independence that they will not take any broad look at the situation; they fear that if they take one step toward real cooperation with Hungary and Austria they may lose some of their unrighteous gains at Versailles. At the Porto Rosa Conference some beginning was made toward the abolition of absolute tariff prohibitions among the new states and Hungary and Austria upon the initiative of Hungary; at Genoa even this little advance went by the board.

It astounded me, therefore, to find so much optimism among the heads of the Austrian Government. In the President, Dr. Michael Hainisch, in Chancellor Schober, in the president of the Parliament, Karl Seitz, and in others Austria has officials of which any country might well be proud. Their honesty, their integrity, their intelligence, their desire to serve are beyond question. Yet, after my talks with some of them I was amazed to find that to their minds the problem of Austria seemed so simple. What they are clamoring for is an Allied loan of twelve million pounds sterling—two pounds per head of population. With this granted they feel that the way to stabilization of the currency will be won, and the stabilization of the crown is, of course, the immediate requisite. One government expert with whom I talked is sanguine that with this loan the battle will be gained, because its granting, he says, will restore the shaken confidence of the Austrians in their Government and their future. At present there is a flight of capital out of the country which the Government cannot check. It does not go in large amounts in trunks over the border but it manifests itself in the constant buying of foreign currencies. Whenever anybody has anything to save he buys American dollars or English pounds. If confidence returns the people will begin to put their savings into Austrian securities and institutions and money will be forthcoming to develop Austrian enterprises.

I pointed out to him that the mere obtaining of such a loan would not of itself stabilize the budget and that to hold up the crown would call for the expenditure of a good deal of the twelve millions, just as a good bit of the two and a half millions already obtained by Austria has gone for that purpose. I asked again about the interest charges on the twelve millions, in itself a vast sum in the present depreciated currency, but this too could, he thought, be overcome and the budget gradually made to balance, for much of the twelve millions would go into constructive works, such as development of water power, the electrification of certain railroad lines, etc. The return of optimism he considered the crux of the whole problem.

Now courage and optimism are excellent things in a country's leaders, in fact they are necessary to success. But the Austrian Government has buoyed up the hopes of its people with promises based upon Allied assurances which often never came true, and the people are getting skeptical about new promises. They are losing heart. Every time that the cost of living rises, it sounds to multitudes like a death knell and they are not likely to stand it without protest indefinitely. They can see how it is that the vicious circle of higher taxes, higher wages, and higher costs operates, but what they ask for is some remedy. I am frank to confess that I think that they and the Allies have reason to feel that the Government could display more vigor in dealing with internal problems while waiting for the loan which they ought to have.

Experts admit that there are additional taxes which could be imposed upon luxuries and other articles, and that the machinery of collecting the taxes can be made more effective and productive. Then Sir William Goode, the English economic observer here, is correct in saying that as long as tariffs are imposed the Government ought to collect the existing customs duties at a rate equivalent to gold instead of as at present in the depreciated paper currency on a basis determined by an arbitrary multiple fixed from time to time. Difficult as it is, the problem of reducing the number of officials must be grappled with, not without sympathy and intelligence and the aid of special employment bureaus. Endless red-tape and inherited circumlocution and inefficiency must be done away with. Next, the Government ought not to let a day pass without devoting itself most earnestly to the development of agriculture. What is left of rural Austria produces only about two months' food for the nation. But there are observers who believe that with scientific methods the productiveness of the land could be enormously increased. There is not a day to be lost. Again, much could be done by a vigorous government to attract more foreign travelers to Austria, which must in this matter take a leaf out of the book of Switzerland. It has wonderful natural attractions to lure people, quite apart from the charms of Vienna itself. Austria is in the position of a bankrupt who has got to use to the uttermost every asset he has to offer. That is the way a sound bankrupt, if one may use such a phrase, gets back to a solvent state. The present attitude of leaning back and placing all hopes upon drawing a rich Allied loan out of the lottery of fate smacks too much of the broken-down aristocrat seeking only to keep himself going in ease, and thinking only of paying interest, never of returning the capital. Whether the Allies give twelve or eight millions to Austria the fact remains that some day that loan has got to be repaid.

For that reason as for others the Austrian Government

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ought to be devoting itself to small economies. It ought to be doing away with such luxuries as the Spanish Riding School and its wonderful horses—a relic of the empire. It ought to utilize to the uttermost what it has taken over from the royal family—there are many minor works of art which could be disposed of for considerable sums in Berlin, London, Paris, and New York. Then, if it had the courage of Lenin, it would tackle the problem of the church. There are untold treasures in the churches, monasteries, and convents of Austria, which do nobody any good whatever. They are worth many times twelve million pounds, these hoarded jewels and precious metals. The possible income from them is supporting nobody; the church is not using them in any way. I know that this suggestion will be greeted with derision. Austria, a Catholic country, give up its church treasures? Lay profane hands upon the sacred private property of the church? Is it not bad enough that the wicked Bolshevists have been doing something of this kind? Well, perhaps it is a counsel of perfection. Yet I have a feeling that even well-intrenched Catholic dignitaries are amenable to reason. Certainly if I were one of them in Austria I should be thinking very seriously if there could be a better way of increasing the popularity of the church than by helping nation and people with the proceeds of unneeded and unused treasures, and I should be reflecting that there have been times in history when starving peoples have been known to help themselves both in palace and in cloister.

There is still another privileged class that the Austrian Government has not yet had the courage to tackle—the great land-owners. Their estates must be broken up. Scientific agriculture in the world will not be sufficient. There must be an early allotment of more farms to the workers; land not in use must be made to bear. There ought to be as intensive a garden-and-farm campaign to utilize every bit of ground as there was in America and in Germany during the war. Reduction of food prices and increase of the food supply are as necessary in this terrible peace as in war. The Government ought to be giving greater aid and attention to such admirable enterprises as the Austrian Land Settlements undertaken and carried on by the Friends Relief Mission. The city of Vienna has advanced credits of about 300,000,000 kronen, exclusive of mortgages to about the same amount, and has allotted, in conjunction with the state, about 800 acres for the cultivation of gardens and farming. On these settlements there are being built, with the further aid of foreign benefactions, admirable workers' cottages, a considerable part of the work on which is done by the workers themselves after working hours and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Here self-help and the best principles of the cooperative movement unite to contribute to the solution of the acute housing problem. On the small tracts of land behind their homes the settlers raise about all the vegetables they need, and each home has a small stable in which there are chickens, pigs, geese, goats, etc. Nothing that I saw in Vienna impressed me more than the possibilities in this movement. Yet the Government has still to throw itself into the movement with all the zeal the cause deserves. And of course an up-to-date Government in a tight fix and seriously desirous of serving its suffering people ought to be devoting itself to the whole great field of cooperative undertakings. Were I dictator of Austria I am inclined to think that my first act would be to appoint a Minister of Cooperation, with particular orders to combat the high cost of living by cooperative buying.

I am quite aware that Austrian readers of this list of constructive suggestions will shake their heads and say that this is all very well but that they live in a land where politics still rule. There you have it again. At every turn political considerations hamper the salvage work. They play politics in Austria as well as in America and elsewhere. I confess that I marvel how they can do so either in Austria or Germany. Where there is such terrible suffering, where whole classes are going down under one's eyes, I wish there could be applied some of the patriotic cries which we used to hear, so strident and raucous, during the war. There ought to be a solid front against death and starvation.

In Austria today the Schober Government lives by a coalition of Christian Socialists and *Grossdeutschen* which gives it a majority of only two or three votes. The Socialists are the formal opposition, and decline responsibility for the Government's acts, but they really exercise great power because they represent the masses of the cities and actually can and do bring about the fall of ministers. Alas, the Socialists have no more shown themselves equal to the emergencies and needs of the hour in Austria than elsewhere. Allowance must, of course, be made here as in Germany for the fact that the old Hapsburg and Hohenzollern systems killed all possibility of training democratic statesmen—who does not remember the shout that went up when Zimmermann became German Foreign Secretary, the first bourgeois ever to obtain that position? Austria has a long row to hoe and Germany, too, before its public men have been trained in self-government and parliamentary rule—if they can be when the Mother of Parliaments and our own Congress are in such deep decay. It is the day everywhere of small men in Parliament. It is a commonplace here that the leaders of the parties in the Austrian Parliament are much better than their parties. Under the Constitution of Austria today the President, Dr. Hainisch, has very little power. But it makes an American envious to see so highly educated, cosmopolitan, trained, and attractive a personality at the head of the state. It is not President Hainisch or Chancellor Schober that I criticise when I say that the Government is weak and should be more aggressive and vigorous in grappling with the situation; the responsibility rests far more with the utterly mediocre Parliament. But that is only another reason why those who lend money to Austria would be justified in coupling with the loan pledges that the Austrian Government devote itself to cleaning house, stop playing politics, and really set itself some of the tasks outlined above. Bad as the Treaty of St. Germain is, grave as have been the sins of the Allies, after all the salvation of Austria in the last resort must come from Austria itself and not through any loan from England or America.

Beyond that, however, it all comes back to the Treaty of Versailles and its companion piece in wrongdoing, the Treaty of St. Germain. There will be no peace and no final economic salvation in Europe until these infamous documents are made scraps of paper. Never did *The Nation* do a better deed than in calling the former the "Madness of Versailles" the instant it appeared. Whatever trail one follows in studying these complicated European conditions one comes back to the fact that at the bottom of most of the evils lies that treaty and the spirit of bitterness and revenge in which it was written. With every day that passes without its revision the danger becomes greater that all Europe will perish from a peace which is more deadly than the war it sought to end.

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Amherst: A Liberal College

By LUCIEN PRICE

RED-BRICK Georgian architecture gleaming through the new green of foliage; smooth-shaven lawns patterned with pools of golden sunshine and irregular isles of shade; bird choirs in leafy chancels; fruit trees and flowering shrubs in their bridal white; five hundred young men at work and at play; and, all round, an amphitheater of mountain walls lifting ramparts smoke-blue or forest-green to the flying Alps of cloudland—such is Amherst in May.

It is no lovelier than many another New England town, though of all New England's academic towns it is to me the loveliest. And I hasten to add that Amherst is not my Alma Mater. Harvard is. Amherst is, however, my Alma Step-Mater, and no Step-Mater could have been more Alma. For three successive years it has been my fortune to spend the month of May there, living at the edge of town, frying my own fish, and endeavoring to mind my own business; eating, to be sure, at faculty and student boarding-houses, chatting casually with students and professors; but with no thought of bearing the testimony which follows: that Amherst is very much by way of becoming what it has set out to be—a liberal college. In what ensues, there is no attempt to speak authoritatively. It is the casual, almost involuntary, observation of an outsider. Therein lies whatsoever value it may have.

Of course you would know that you were in a college town. Wandering past a church you hear a Wagnerian chorus pealing out of the basement. Choir rehearsal: choir of high-school boys and girls drilled by a local music teacher. In the boot-shining parlors hangs a slate with some Latin scribbled in chalk which says that you will please not bring your dogs in here. I spoke of it to one of the students. He said modestly: "Yes; but who is there in college that can read it?" An old lady leaning on the arm of her daughter is toddling homewards at eve:

Daughter: Oh, mother, see that lovely star!

Mother (in a tone of gentle reproof): My dear! That is not a star. That is a planet. It is Jupiter.

A drayman has a suspicious bulge on his hip. Hooch? He pulls out what appears to be a pocket flask. The nerve of him! But he applies it not to his lips but to his eyes. Field glasses! The son of Jehu is squinting at birds. But there is more going on than would be signified by such things as these.

After listening somewhat idly to weeks of that cheerful babble which enlivens a student boarding-house, it suddenly dawned on me: Here is something new. What was it? This: These boys, perhaps unawares, were nevertheless speaking the language of modern economics more or less as a matter of course. At least they understood the bread-and-butter structure of modern society: how it is run; for whom and by whom, and who is footing the bills—the bills for their own education incidentally.

Nor is this confined to economics—economics is only an item in the liberalism which is gradually pervading the place. For some years—eight, to be exact—I had noticed that Amherst men seemed to yield a higher percentage of independent thinkers than the average run of college men. Living in Amherst I saw why. The effort there is less to pour facts into the gaping mouths of an assemblage of jugs, and more to kindle the creative energies of young minds. This system may be, and to some extent is, taken advantage of for a country-club existence of loafing, gandering, and tennis. At its best, however, it produces something like this. . . . A young friend of mine remarks:

"My room-mate is in a state of wilt."

"Weather?" (The day was sultry.)

"No. A four-hour session with Ayres." (Professor of psychology.)

As it happened to be a legal holiday, I asked:

"Curriculum or extra-curriculum?"

"Extra."

"Is this a common occurrence in your crowd?"

"Quite."

I got the idea that several of them more or less haunted this professor's house; felt free to rout him out at all hours if they were seized with a bright idea which needed threshing out. Hours, classes, lessons, and so on had become irrelevant. This, I submit, is education.

Neither is it dissociated from humor. A noted divine had the misfortune to read Scripture at the college church in Anglican accents. Whereupon, as often as one of the fraternity brethren swerves up to the dormitory terrace resplendent in a Ford car, or appears in a new suit, you hear:

" 'Who *is* this king of gleaury?' "

And an antiphonal voice will chant:

" 'The leaurd of heausts. *He* is the king of gleaury!' "

Also, not devoid of humor at their own expense. Several of them, who are quite keen on philosophy, are so far from taking themselves too seriously as to wear tiny brass shovels on their watch chains, the emblem being symbolic of a most unflattering aspersion on their own volubility. When young men will crack ribald jokes at the expense of their own intellectual enthusiasms, their sanities are safe.

The ability to use their heads for more than barbers' laboratories shows in an episode of student self-government, which, while other colleges spend much time talking about it, Amherst is putting quietly to work. The undertakings drawn up by the students for themselves are extraordinary not so much for what they propose as for how they propose it. First you notice that they do not promise more than they can undertake to perform, but that they do undertake to perform what they promise, and, what is more, provide the means. Then you are struck by something novel. It is a certain vigor and confidence in the handling of the thought-material. It quite clearly denotes youth taught to think, speak, and act for itself—a beautiful thing, and the tune goes manly.

Again, if you like sensational news, here is some: in four successive years, the football captains have been members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Such things ramify into the finer issues of life.

One day I was chaffing a Junior:

"You fellows in your knickerbockers, going bare-headed, in white soft shirts without neckties and with collars open at the throat, look like a race of young poets. Now, the next thing is to *be* a race of young poets."

The Junior eyed me coolly and replied:

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"That is one of the strongest traditions here."

"The collar open at the throat?" I asked, somewhat densely.

"No. The writing of poetry."

"Very well. Show me."

He showed me. It was a page of such sights as youthful poets dream on summer eves by haunted stream: that this tree was sculptured by some old wind resting from forays on creation's day; that the budding stars were violets of fire; that apart, we are nothing but crawling creatures of the dust; but when we clasp each other close (he hastened to explain that the situation was, of course, imaginary) we are gods watching eternity pass by.

He added that there were plenty of fellows around the place who could write better verses than these. He was only beginning.

The music and drama of the college are steadily improving. Certain members of the faculty conduct classes in economics for trade unionists over in the mill city of Holyoke without a shadow of missionarying priggishness, and with the instruction by no means exclusively confined to the trade unionists.

All these had remained hitherto somewhat unrelated phenomena. Then came the day and the hour when they were interpreted and unified. On the last morning in May when the seniors come to chapel they had asked President Meiklejohn to deliver the address. He did so. . . .

It is a venerable New England academic meeting-house: plain, severe, white columned, hung with oil portraits of Lord Geoffrey and professorial worthies. Five hundred young men; several pews full of professors; and, through the open windows eastward, the golden drench of morning sunshine, glimpses of dew-gemmed turf and sun-glamored tree, and beyond, the mountains pouring their purple wine of shadow into the green bowl of the valley.

President Meiklejohn spoke.

Of taste, first. It is the stuff of which life is made. If the taste is coarse, the life will be coarse. Be it books, music, nature, friends—if you love fine things, they make you fine. . . . In the nasal snarl of Broadway he delivered a lingo of professional baseball jargon of the "Atta boy!" variety. Then in rhythmed voice he read one of the finest sonnets in the English tongue.—Next, of intelligence: the attempt to find out what we can do with the world. Then, wisdom: the attempt to find out what the world can do with us. (And here was a college president speaking to his seniors in the accents of political liberalism of the Russian famine, of Genoa, of the West Virginia strike, and being understood in that language.) He came to religion: "I have reached the conclusion that there is only one real vice: hatred; and only one virtue: love. Hate wishes to destroy. Love would create. Where hate comes in, life fails. Where love comes in, life is sane." He dwelt on the minor virtue, but saving salt, of humor. "A man is never so right that he can afford to be right without a smile. Save us from the solemn asses!" And, at parting, he spoke such words as press the finest vintage out of the hearts of young men.

So much for the mere texture of the ideas. But something more was present. It was high thought warmed by deep emotion. This is a thing often tried and rarely done. It was done here. At the end, for my private edification, I counted at least half a dozen hard-boiled freshmen more or less in tears and either quite unconscious of it, or else quite unabashed. And then you saw what was happening. This luminous mind and vital personality were gradually permeating an institution. They had already, to some extent, done the impossible: converted a rather rigid, fact-grinding system of education into a flexible instrument which was to be as a fire-stream for the kindling of young minds to independent thought. I do not suggest that it is a one-man show. But it was, like everything vital, a one-man idea at the start.

Anyone who went to Amherst expecting a chapter of Utopian romance would be due for a jolt. There, as elsewhere, faults are plentiful: youthful indolence, not a little social snobbery, fraternity houses far too sumptuous (though these do not work as much mischief as you would suppose), the usual silly-clever conversation which besets academic communities, and some rank Philistinism. Moreover, these faults are so prominently displayed that it is not until they have been discounted that the virtues begin to appear. I certainly cannot be accused of having salted the mine, for it was only after repeated prospecting that I struck the pay dirt and realized how deep and rich the vein actually ran. Radicals the vast majority of these boys emphatically are not, and probably never will be, though here and there may be one, as in most colleges. But liberals a goodly number of them emphatically are, in the sense of knowing that something has happened since 1830. At least they will not chew out at you the antiquated wheezes of mid-19th century utilitarianism as if they were Holy Writ. At least they understand what the whole property row of the modern world is about, and their liberalism is, as young Mr. Davidson, the president of the senior class, put it that morning at "Senior Chapel" when his class formally indorsed President Meiklejohn's educational policy:—*"to define the issue, and then impel the man to form his own judgment."*

So it seems worth while to stand up in meeting and testify to all this on the chance that it may cheer up other people the way it did me—especially in a time like this when all of us who had hoped for better things are feeling a little crummy. To me, at least, it came as something for which I search far and wide amid the squalor of this machine age—a touch of ideal beauty. What is an educational experiment with five hundred boys in a remote New England town? Well, if it comes to that, what is anything? Half a loaf is better than no bread; and I seem to remember that the city was to be spared if it could muster ten righteous. For "righteous," read "awakened." And Amherst College can muster more than ten.

The liberal group in the faculty is, I understand, more or less under fire. It was to be expected. Who is who and what is what in that contest I neither know nor care. What I do know and do care is that a flame of genuine intellectual passion is being kindled in a few young minds and once kindled they will never be quite quenched into the ashes of mediocrity—the blight of our age, and the besetting one of pseudo-democracies. And however this experiment may fare or falter, end it will not; for it has, in the final and only real sense, already succeeded. It has chalked an ideal so high on the wall that it cannot be rubbed out. For what can be done on a small scale here can be done on a large scale there. The great thing is not to impart information, but to awaken minds, and that has been performed. You may hinder the awakeners. You cannot stop the awakened. Afoot and light-hearted they take to the open road.

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Guatemala—Our Blow at Pan-Americanism

By ARTHUR WARNER

> Speak roughly to your little boy,
> And beat him when he sneezes;
> He only does it to annoy,
> Because he knows it teases.

POSSIBLY the Central American Union was predestined to a short life. It was the aspiration of a small number of men in a group of countries that have not yet developed national cohesion, much less international solidarity. But it need not have been done to death in the cradle—and that by the most brazen-throated booster of Pan-Americanism in the Western Hemisphere, these United States. For such will probably be the coroner's verdict of history.

It has been assumed all along that Nicaragua and probably Costa Rica were chiefly influenced in staying out of the Central American Union by the United States Government or by business interests of this country. This reduced the federation to Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala; and from facts coming out in connection with the recent government upheaval in the latter country it is now apparent that Washington diplomacy dealt the final blow that put the Union out of existence.

It will be recalled that on December 5, last, President Herrera of Guatemala was ousted by a military coup, General Orellana taking possession of the office. Orellana is a follower of Cabrera, the latter having been President of Guatemala for twenty-two years until in 1920 he was deposed by the National Assembly as mentally unfit. Cabrera's overthrow was the consequence of long-gathering feeling against him, accomplished through the formation of a new party, the Unionist, consisting of adherents of both Liberals and Conservatives, the older groups (which names are arbitrary designations giving no indication of the parties' character). Cabrera had been easily influenced, not to say dictated to, by the United States, an example of which was Guatemala's declaration of war against Germany soon after our entrance into the conflict. The administration of Herrera cut loose from United States leading-strings, aiming rather to develop Guatemala's national sense, while the Unionist Party, in his regime, became the chief sponsor of the plan for Central American federation.

Both these considerations, it may be assumed, caused misgivings in Washington. For since Wilson's New Freedom and Harding's Modern Morality the United States Government has not been interested in a Pan-Americanism in which it would play an equal role, or even that of a big brother, among the Caribbean republics. The idea has been a Pan-Americanism imposed by ukase from Washington upon pliant and powerless vassals. The Central American Union was not in line with such a policy, and it was further objectionable in that it was favored by, and regarded as favorable toward, the Mexico of President Obregon. Of course Washington did lip service to the idea of Central American federation, but with tongue in cheek. And knowing persons were not surprised when on April 15, last, the United States officially recognized the four-months-old government of Orellana in striking contrast to the protracted refusal to do likewise by President Obregon.

But these are only the superficial facts. Behind them is some diplomatic history which, as announced in Washington, was much beclouded but has gradually been relayed back from Central America with an unpleasantly naked clarity. On December 23, last, for instance, an Associated Press dispatch from Washington said: "Immediately after the outbreak in Guatemala City the United States Government sent a note to Salvador and Honduras expressing the hope that peace would be preserved by them in accordance with their treaties with Guatemala." To the average reader this sounds like a pious resolution in favor of peace, most exemplary in purpose even if a little meddlesome in method. The note has never been made public in this country, but as printed in the Central American newspapers the document was a definite notice to Salvador and Honduras to leave Orellana alone and not to make any attempt to restore Herrera. Moreover, it was everywhere accepted as an official sign of "Thumbs down" for the Central American Union by the United States. For it must be understood that at the time of the Orellana coup the federation was provisionally in effect and the forcible overthrow of Herrera was an act against the Central American Union as well as against Guatemala. In view of the provisional state of the federation, opinion differs as to whether Salvador and Honduras would have been legally justified in using force to restore the authority of Herrera, but the note from Washington blocked even any moral suasion that they might have exercised.

Furthermore, Orellana's attitude toward the federation seems to have been powerfully influenced, if not determined, by Washington. Upon coming into power he aligned himself with the friends of federation, although he insisted that Guatemala's three Senators to the Federal Council should be chosen by Cabrera's old National Assembly, which had been called back into power. Salvador and Honduras argued that the men already elected by the Herrera National Assembly should serve, but on January 22 they finally acceded to Orellana's view. In the meanwhile, however, we had sent our note to Salvador and Honduras, and two days after those countries yielded to Orellana in regard to the Senators he caused the flag of the Central American Union to be hauled down in Guatemala and announced the withdrawal of the republic from the federation. This meant the death of federation, and on January 29, three days before the Central American Union was to have become finally and completely effective, the provisional Federal Council met at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, and declared the arrangement dissolved.

"Trade follows the flag," a maker of phrases once remarked. He would have been nearer right had he said "The flag follows trade." The foreign policy of modern governments is so generally dictated by commercial interests that the first duty of one who would interpret it is to look for such motives. Applying this method to the new Orellana regime in Guatemala, and its surprisingly prompt and unequivocal backing by the Department of State in Washington, one finds the now familiar Caribbean joker at the bottom of the political pack of cards: a Wall Street loan. Thus the course of financial empire takes its way among the weaker republics of the West Indies and Central America.

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This newly developed Caribbean finance should not be confused with legitimate foreign investment. It does not consist in putting money into business abroad and taking one's chance with other foreigners and the natives; it does not consist in lending money to governments upon their credit and standing, as in the case of recent loans to Brazil and Chile. It consists usually in artificially stimulating a demand for a loan, finding or setting up a native government to support it, taking over the control of the customs or other financial resources of the country as security, and calling upon Washington to guarantee and, if necessary, to collect the debt by means of the Department of State and the Marine Corps in the name of protecting national rights. This is the process already accomplished in Santo Domingo and Nicaragua and on the way in Haiti and elsewhere. To the list of once independent republics of the Caribbean thus dismantled and demolished Guatemala is now apparently to be added.

In Santo Domingo it is the National City Bank with pickings for Speyer and Company; in Nicaragua it is Brown Brothers with J. and W. Seligman and Company as runner-up; in Guatemala it is apparently to be Blair and Company. When information in regard to the proposed loan to Guatemala was asked for at the New York office of Blair and Company it was refused on the ground that a statement at the time would be "premature," but stress was laid on the fact that the Department of State knew all about the negotiations and there was no possibility therefore that the plan was in any way objectionable. The assertion that the Department of State knows all about the negotiations fits accurately into recent diplomatic history, but the assumption that this guarantees the plan as 100 per cent pure is a *non sequitur* which persons familiar with recent Caribbean history will find it difficult to swallow.

The purpose of the proposed loan is to rehabilitate the national finances and issue a new national currency, based on gold, in place of the present debased paper money. According to the latest proposals the loan, or credit, is fixed at 11½ million dollars. It was originally set at $15,000,000 but reduced in later negotiations. The rate of interest is 6 per cent and the maturity twenty-seven years. The proposals further provide that of the total loan, $2,500,000 will constitute the capital of a Guatemalan national bank, $2,000,000 will be used for the redemption of an internal bonded debt, and $7,000,000 (of which 65 per cent is to remain as a reserve in the United States, invested in Liberty, State, or municipal bonds) will be used as a basis for a new issue of paper currency. This new currency, in turn, will be used to redeem that now outstanding at the rate of fifty paper pesos to the dollar.

Now for more dangerous features—to Guatemala and to the United States. The proposed loan is a lien upon the full financial resources of the state (consisting almost wholly of import and export taxes), and the national bank, which will be the fiscal agent of the Guatemalan Government, is placed in control of five voting directors, *three of whom must be approved by Blair and Company.* The manager of the national bank must also be approved by this firm. At this writing the loan has not been approved by the National Assembly. Martial law was declared in Guatemala about the middle of May. According to advices reaching this country in spite of rigid press censorship, the Government's action was due to popular protest against the loan.

As for the Central American Union, it will soon be forgotten in this country; but among the Caribbean republics it will be added to the long record of imperialistic aggressions by the United States that some day will rise up to confound us.

In the Driftway

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, who was the first to introduce the 5-day week into London journalism, has now gone a step, or a day, further and established a 4-day week for the editorial workers of his *Evening News*. The increasing pressure under which men on evening newspapers work justifies, he thinks, this special dispensation in their behalf. While admitting the correctness of the premises, the Drifter is not sure that a shorter working week is as good an offset as would be a shorter working day. At the same time he does not imagine that there will be a strike in the offices of the *Evening News* because of difference of opinion in regard to method, nor would he advise one if some American publisher undertook a similar experiment. What the Drifter does feel strongly is that the public is as deserving of a 4-day reading week as the journalists are of a 4-day working week. For America he is forthright in his demand for this boon. For London he is more hesitant to suggest it because, without the *Evening News* and the *Star* on three days of the seven, he cannot imagine what the food shops of the East End would find as wrapping for their fried fish.

* * * * *

SPEAKING of Lord Northcliffe recalls his recent encounter with other London newspaper editors in regard to cutting the wages of printers. Lord Northcliffe refused to follow his colleagues in this, which must be put down as offsetting much in his journalistic career that has been less worthy. In consequence, of course, he was violently assailed. He retaliated by some thoughts on "Newspapers and Their Millionaires" which, collected as a pamphlet, have fallen into the hands of the Drifter. Lord Northcliffe complains that in recent years all the London dailies, excepting his own, a few sporting publications, and labor's *Daily Herald,* have fallen into the hands of wealthy owners who themselves are not journalists and frequently are without regard for the traditions of their properties or the profession into which they have fortuitously bought their way. "We journalists," he writes, "have no objection whatever to capitalists owning newspapers and thus creating employment. But I object to being a member of a combination [the Newspaper Proprietors' Association] in which capitalists ignorant of Fleet Street dictate terms to those who have spent their lives trying to understand the complex questions of a newspaper." Go softly, Lord Northcliffe! Your doctrine is splendid, but isn't it stronger than you realize? It leads straight to the philosophy that an industry should be controlled by the workers in it; and that the workers should hire capital on their own terms instead of being hired by it on its terms. That is strong meat—not too tough for the Drifter, but how about Lord Northcliffe?

* * * * *

POSSIBLY the most entertaining paragraphs in the pamphlet are the author's anecdotes of personal newspaper experiences. Shortly after Lord Northcliffe had bought the *Times,* but before his ownership of it was known, a man visited him to discuss the possibility of buy-

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ing the newspaper and to get some information about it. The visitor asked about finances, especially how the books were kept. "So far as I know," replied Lord Northcliffe (he insists truthfully), "the *Times* accounts are kept by Mr. Moberly Bell in a penny notebook which he keeps at home." There is also a story of a visit, by Lord Northcliffe, to "old Mr. Cadbury" at the latter's home in Birmingham. The visit, which was at the request of Mr. Cadbury, owner of the London *Daily News* and of the *Star*, is described as follows:

We got through the meal somehow and after a long and awkward silence he said nervously: "I have asked you here because we do not like the tone of the Birmingham papers. They print all kinds of horrible things and horse racing, and we think the high tone of the press as important to this city as the quality of its water supply." "We want a new Birmingham paper," added the distinguished member of the Society of Friends.

"But," I said, "Mr. Cadbury, let me say at once that I have no intention of joining you in any newspaper enterprise."

He replied: "I will supply the capital; I will interfere with you in no way whatever. I notice that your newspapers are singularly free from crime and vice."

"But," I retorted, "I am not a pacifist, and unfortunately I believe that we shall one day be at war with Germany. I know about the Germans. I believe that the only salvation of the world is an Anglo-American-French alliance."

"I do not care what you say on these subjects if the paper can do something to purify the press of Birmingham," he answered.

A somewhat awkward interview ended and my companion and I returned to New Street puzzled and, as Garvin is fond of saying, "bemused."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

When Generals Disagree—

[*The Nation* recently called to the attention of Generals Pershing and Harbord a statement in a book on the war, "Trois Ans au Grand Quartier Général," by the editor of the French official *communiqué*, Captain Jean de Pierrefeu, that the Germans had spared the palace in Compiègne occupied by the French General Staff during the attack of March 22, 1918. Captain Pierrefeu wrote:

The enemy [the Germans], having decided to win the war at any price, might very well have directed a great raid against the General Staff. . . . It is even strange that the Germans, forced to choose between victory and ruin, did not, under the circumstances, use this means, which they could surely have made effective and which would have added one chance more to those which they had in this offensive. But, by a strange respect for war as a game and quite in keeping with the notion of high regard for authority deep-rooted in this country whose national industry is war to this very day, the General Staff was always spared. Clearly, the palace [where the General Staff was housed] was respected while the bombs rained all around.

The replies made by General Harbord and by Major Marshall in behalf of General Pershing, expressing, as will be observed, wide variance of opinion, are printed below.]

Headquarters
GENERAL OF THE ARMIES
WASHINGTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The General has no recollection of the incidents mentioned by Captain Pierrefeu in his book regarding the absence of German bombing around Marshal Pétain's Headquarters at Compiègne, but he does recall the Boche aviation bombardment of his own Headquarters at Souilly, southwest of Verdun, during the Meuse-Argonne battle, though no material damage was done.

It hardly seems possible that the enemy deliberately refrained from disturbing the higher headquarters of the Allies. As a matter of fact, it is a very difficult thing for an aviator to locate a small and carefully darkened headquarters far in rear of the lines. Bombing, from the viewpoint of destruction actually achieved, was rarely ever successful unless directed at very large targets, such as railroad yards or extensive groups of buildings of a temporary nature, making camouflage difficult and their utilization by the army evident.

April 24, 1922 G. C. MARSHALL, JR.,
Major, Infantry, Aide-de-Camp

War Department
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I had read Pierrefeu's book and noticed that statement. There was an impression abroad among officers in France that there was some tacit chivalry for the General Headquarters on either side. The particular palace in which was located Pétain's Headquarters at Compiègne, that was later bombarded and some of the staff killed, was well known to have been the place that the German Emperor, William II, expected to occupy as his Headquarters in the taking of Paris. With the attitude toward the Emperor which the Germans had throughout the war, that might easily account for the palace at Compiègne being spared. Similarly, it was always a wonder to those who saw the Château Pierrefonds, which was the most conspicuous object in the French landscape in that whole region, that it was spared by bombers. That was accounted for by the fact that the German Crown Prince had occupied it as his Headquarters during the first autumn of the war.

As a matter of fact, I suppose that the consideration that the bombing of Headquarters led at once to reprisals and that one side had as much to lose as the other led the Germans to refrain from attacking the Allied Headquarters. As the actual damage done by killing a few individuals is not important in a war and the moral effect seems to be sought when cities and towns are bombarded, it might easily be that the Germans thought that the advantage to be obtained by bombing the French Headquarters would have been too dearly purchased at the price of reprisals which would have been started.

April 25, 1922 J. G. HARBORD

Indian Taxes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot allow the statements and conclusions contained in *The Nation* of May 3 regarding the recent Indian budget to pass without comment. In the first place, the writer has been misinformed on the Indian budget. The proposal to raise the excise duty on Swadeshi cloth from 3½ per cent to 7½ per cent was made in the budget statement, but it was not passed and the excise duty remains as it was last year, i.e., 3½ per cent. It was also proposed in the budget statement that the duty on foreign cloth, that is, British, Japanese, etc., should be raised by 4 per cent, but this proposal was also rejected by the Legislative Assembly. The arguments arising from the statements made by *The Nation* are not sound. Even if 4 per cent is added to the import duty, your writer argues "the price of the cheaper foreign cloth will be little affected." No reason is given why. The fact is, it is generally found, in the absence of competition, that an extra duty is passed on to the consumer.

The article to which I allude also suggests "The Swadeshi cloth, produced at higher cost and purchased for patriotic reasons, can ill afford the further rise in price which will inevitably

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follow the doubling of the excise tax." Why inevitable in this case and not in the case of an increased duty on foreign cloth? The note then runs on "Moreover, the budget provides for a duty of 5 per cent on the imported yarn used in the manufacture of Swadeshi cloth." True Swadeshi yarn is surely made from Swadeshi cotton, and not from American or Egyptian cotton made into yarn in Lancashire.

With regard to the complaint which you made of the profits of the Indian cotton manufacturers in taking advantage of Gandhi's campaign to increase their dividends, I may point out that human characteristics are as marked in India and the East generally as they are in the West. Manufacturers all over the world are apt to take an opportunity of a demand to increase profits. Surely that is a matter for Indians themselves to adjust.

Finally, it is suggested by the note that the Legislative Assembly is not representative of the Indian point of view on the budget. If that be admitted you have the awkward fact to face that the Assembly threw out the additional excise and customs duties condemned by *The Nation*.

New York, June 7 ROBERT WILBERFORCE

[We are glad to publish this criticism from our correspondent, calling attention, however, to the fact that in an editorial paragraph in our issue of May 17 we recorded the fact that the new taxes, including those on cotton goods, had been rejected by the Assembly. The Government, guided by the decision of the Assembly, did not use its power to impose the taxes by decree. We erred, we think, in describing the Indian Legislative Assembly by obvious implication as a body not "remotely representative of the Indian people." The action of the Assembly showed that it is responsive in some degree to the desires of the people. Nevertheless it remains true that the Assembly is very imperfectly representative of India. It is chosen from a class which does not share the economic interests of the peasants and workers, and by a small minority of electors who remain aloof from Gandhi's national movement.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Cooperation to Replace Capitalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read in *The Nation* of May 17 Mr. Soule's interesting review of "The Consumers' Cooperative Movement" by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. One or two factors of major importance have been omitted, however.

In the first place, Mr. Soule uses the book as a peg upon which to hang studies of the Cost of Living in the United States. He implies that the Webbs also have as their concern the elimination of the middlemen who now obstruct the free flow of goods from producer to consumer. The Webbs specifically state that this is not their attitude. In the Preface we read: "It will be seen that we do not regard cooperation particularly as a method by which poor men may make savings and advance their own position in the world, nor yet as a philanthropic device for eking out wages and producing contentment. To us the social and political significance of the cooperative movement lies in the fact that *it provides a means by which, in substitution for the capitalist system, the operations of industry may be . . . carried on under democratic control without the incentive of profitmaking, or the stimulus of pecuniary gain.*" Mr. Soule gives the reader the impression in this review that the authors consider the cooperative movement a method of improving the capitalist order rather than a means of supplanting it. This is an injustice to the Webbs and to the movement.

Second, the reviewer lays great emphasis upon the difficulties of reconciling democratic control with technical efficiency in a people's economic movement. He cites cooperation in England as an example. In England the movement still adheres to many old-time methods, it is true; but cooperation in Great Britain is not the best modern example of cooperative accomplishments. It is good to know that technical efficiency and the use of experts can be found in the consumers' cooperative movement in Germany, Switzerland, and Denmark. Here we have modern administrative science and economic machinery so coupled with democratic control that cooperation is not merely "a weapon to defeat exclusive interests" but an instrument which serves the people democratically and well. The Webbs, in confining their study strictly to the British movement, naturally have given the impression that the faults of British cooperation are universal faults.

In the youthful state of development which is characteristic of American cooperation today, the use of experts and technicians has as yet not been largely sought, but cooperative leaders in this country and in most other countries unite in the opinion that cooperation can only succeed in displacing capitalism when it employs the best that modern science and modern methods can supply. Cooperation can only justify itself by its ability to carry on the affairs of society by the people and for the people with greater efficiency and with greater skill than they are carried on under the profit system. This cooperation is already doing in many parts of the world.

New York, May 31 AGNES D. WARBASSE

Intellectual Starvation Abroad

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hundreds of thousands of people in Germany and Austria are in dire need. They are not only suffering physically, but also intellectually. Appeals without number reach us setting forth the distress of scientific institutions and societies upon whose activities so largely depend the economic progress and scientific achievements of the future.

To alleviate this situation the Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art has been organized. Its object is to collect and provide funds for the continuation of Germany's and Austria's intellectual and scientific life. In Germany this society is working in close cooperation with the Notgemeinschaft deutscher Wissenschaft which embraces all German universities and scientific institutions of importance; in Austria with the corresponding association for Austrian science; in Bohemia with the German university at Prague.

All funds received by this society are transmitted and distributed without delay and thus furnish work for scientists, artists, and others, thereby enabling them to provide, at least in part, for the physical needs of their families. Scholars and scientists will also be given opportunity to carry on their studies, which are so essential for German and Austrian economic activities.

Checks should be made payable to James Speyer, treasurer, and sent to F. W. J. Heuser, Columbia University, New York.

New York, May 23 FRANZ BOAS

President Harding's Pledge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been asked to forward to you the following resolution, adopted by the Progressive Friends at their annual conference June 2-4 at Longwood, Pa.:

RESOLVED, That we, the Progressive Friends in annual meeting assembled wish to express our unqualified disapproval of the policy of our Government in its seizure and military control of the Dominican Republic and Haiti, and ask for the evacuation by our Government of those two countries at the earliest possible date. The said policy is not only un-American and in violation of existing treaties and international law, but it is not in keeping with the clear and unconditional promise and pledge of President Harding when he was asking the support of the voters of the country. It is one of the few ante-election pledges he made, and we ask that he will no longer postpone its fulfilment.

New York, June 15 BLANCHE WATSON

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A Word from the East to the Middle West

By FREDERICK R. McCREARY

Stabbing a new soil with your plows,
The smell of a new-conquered earth in your nostrils,
You turn back and laugh at us,
You the big-muscled lovers of plump-bosomed brides.
You say you have left us a hag,
A lean woman tasted too long by too many;
You say you have left us an unfertile pasture,
The broken cellar of a burned house
With an apple tree, twisted and bent, looking over;
You say you have left us nothing,
Nothing but the memory of a taste on the tongue,
The memory of an old blaze
While the wind blows ashes into our mouths
And chokes our songs.

But sometime, some night with a moon,
You will wake to a strange sound,
You will hear the wind saying sad, old words,
Words you thought were forgotten,
And, looking out from your window,
You will see a lilac bent over a tombstone
With a white fence beyond that is broken.

While we, we the laughed at,
The despised ones back home on the sea-coast,
We shall hear the vigor of the tide coming in.
We shall breathe the fragrance of old salt and new blossoms,
And, as we watch the sun make copper swords of the beaches,
You will hear us
Busy with our singing!

The Roving Critic

THE editors of the Ten Cent Pocket Series (Haldeman-Julius) have gone gunning for God's plenty in literature with such skill and enterprise that in two years they have issued 239 numbers in the series and have sold ten million copies. Inevitably, at their price, the books are slight and modest in appearance; they are intended to perish in the pocket rather than to molder on the shelf. Naturally, too, they have a proletarian and rationalistic tendency. There are few bishops among their authors and a good many agnostics; few imperialists and a good many socialists; few antiquarians and a good many poets. Regrettably, I think, they include among them certain trivial handbooks on "How to Develop a Magnetic Personality," "How to Attract Friends," "How to Be a Leader of Others," and similar topics, under the unfortunate head of Science. But for the most part the principles of selection have been critical, and the range is remarkable. For instance, here are a "People's Rhyming Dictionary," freshly compiled for the series; Plutarch's "Rules of Health"; the debate between Horace Greeley and Robert Dale Owen on "Marriage and Divorce"; Michelangelo's "Sonnets" in the Symonds translation; Samuel Butler's "God the Known and God the Unknown"; a collection of stories illustrating the "Humor of Whistler"; the war speeches of Woodrow Wilson; Froude's "Science of History"; George Moore's "Euphorian in Texas," that naughty confession; Theophile Gautier's "Fleece of Gold"; Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardt"—a variety which so far as my observation goes has never before been matched in a popular series in the English language. Nor do the curiosities of literature bulk too large. An edition of Shakespeare is in progress; the fiction in the series represents practically every type except the commonplace: Maupassant, Balzac, Boccaccio, Tolstoi, Poe, Stevenson, Hugo, Kipling, Jack London, Dickens, Irving, Andreyev, Conan Doyle, Wells, Zola, Lewis Carroll, William Morris, Anatole France, Shaw, Chekhov, George Sand, Hardy, Gorki, Olive Schreiner; the department of Poetry ranges from Whittier to Baudelaire; the Literature from Charles Lamb to Jean Jaurès; the History and Biography from Greece and Rome to Brann the Iconoclast; the Philosophy and Religion from Plato and Æsop to Gilbert Murray and Robert Blatchford; the Science from "The Principles of Electricity" to "Psychoanalysis: The Key to Human Behavior."

From the point of view of the average commercial publisher the Ten Cent Pocket Series must seem contentious, "high-brow," and exotic. I imagine that questions of convenience and of copyright and of personal taste have influenced the editors in their choice of the titles to come first in the series. But to the charge of being exotic they would doubtless answer that they have intended to bring color and diversity into their scheme. What can a dime buy that is worth more than color and diversity? To the charge of being "high-brow" they would doubtless answer that the most thoughtful books ought to be the cheapest if they are to do the most good. And to the charge of being contentious they would doubtless answer that there are always plenty of books to soothe and entertain. Moreover, they have a whole department of debates on controverted subjects in which the honors are more or less evenly divided. It is true, however, that in too many of the little volumes given to reinterpreting the superstitious capitalistic past for the rationalistic proletarian present too much haste and misinformation appear. There are several excellent books dealing with love, marriage, eugenics, and birth control, by writers as expert as Annie Besant, Ellen Key, and Havelock Ellis. Here for the first time discussion so authoritative is made accessible to the millions. And it is curiously interesting to find in the series no less than twenty volumes of maxims and aphorisms from countless sources. The editors know that words have wings and that phrases often fly farther than arguments.

If I were the owner of any of the cheap magazines which are a nuisance to this country, I should be afraid of the Ten Cent Pocket Series. If I had only four feet of shelf room and only $16.90 to give to books I should buy the series entire and not be afraid of boredom.

FELIX GRENDON has so much intelligence that he ought to trust it more when he writes a novel. In "The Love Chase" (Small, Maynard) he has, as if with one eye on the tricks of the best sellers, lugged in enough melodrama to make a smuggling plot and a secret service man with brains; and he has, as if with one eye on the epic novelists, spun a rather simple story out till it covers a host of characters and three capitals, with excursions into Brooklyn and London. If the book were half as long it would be, say, four times as good—and that would be good indeed. The career of Janet Barr, who left a snuffy Brooklyn home for the confused freedom of the artists and amateurs living in the Lorillard model tenements of the Kips Bay district of Manhattan, eloped to Paris with a gilded hero, gave him up of her own free will, found a job, and eventually married the plainer man whom she really preferred, is all the plot the novel needs. It is typical and yet full of individuality. Mr. Grendon's gifts are neither epic nor melodramatic; they are the gifts of an observation which is at its best when concentrated and of an understanding which appears at its best when ideas not actions are on the carpet. Movement, flexibility, glitter—these he lacks; steadiness, seriousness, conscience—these he has. To specialize in his qualities would enable him to do better work and, I am persuaded, to win a wider audience. Meanwhile he has added a new district to fiction and an authentic document to the times.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

What Is History?

History: Its Theory and Practice. By Benedetto Croce. Authorized translation by Douglas Ainslie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THE simple type of mind has always found in the graphic recital of events a satisfying "thickness" of reality (to use William James's term) discovered by the more sophisticated only in the formulation of general laws. The Homeric audience was more interested in the statement that Sarpedon clove Tleptolemus to the teeth or speared him in the stomach than they would have been in any disquisition on the economic or political causes of the Trojan war. Nor has this sort of interest died out. A Texan border newspaper known to me fills its personal and society columns with vivid descriptions of local shooting affrays, and the accounts of these pleasant little at-homes lay far more stress on the caliber of the weapons used and the nature of the wounds inflicted than on anything more subtle.

But the moment reflection begins, the tendency manifests itself to group and classify historical phenomena until finally some general law of all-embracing import is discovered. The Father of History himself thought he had found such a master-key in the secular strife of Europe and Asia and in the oscillation due to the alternate victory of the Oriental and the Occidental. From his time to our own "philosophies of histories" have flourished, and at no time more than at the present even if the phrase has gone out of fashion. To mention the product of the last few years only, we have seen Troeltsch's social-synthetic theory, Henry Adams's dynamic theory, Le Bon's psychological theory, Marvin's and Bury's discussions of the idea of progress in history, Teggart's "released energy" hypothesis, Spengler's morphology of history, Giddings's behavioristic-equilibration theory—not to mention the looser speculations of H. G. Wells and of Charles Richet. The history of historiography has interested scholars no less than its philosophy, and we have, in the works of Fueter, Joachimsen, Gooch, Ritter, Menke-Glückert, and Morel-Fatio, an impressive list of studies in this field, while we eagerly await the promised lucubration of Shotwell.

The work of Croce, therefore, as applied both to the theory and to the practice of historiography, lies in the full stream of contemporary thought. For more than twenty years he has studied the problems involved, and it is interesting to note, though no hint of it is given in the volume under review, that he has several times completely changed his position. The first form in which he grappled with the material led him into the disputation whether history was a science or an art. His earliest thesis, published in 1893, claimed that history was a science, the position then strongly supported by Bernheim and Villari, and subsequently argued by Bury. But the ink of this article was hardly dry when Croce reversed his opinion, and set forth the idea of "history reduced to the general concept of art." He then maintained that, as the human spirit could do only two things with a given object, either understand it (science) or contemplate it (art), and as history did the latter, it must be art in the wide sense. Later, in 1900, Croce again modified his ideas in the direction of drawing profound distinctions between history and the remaining arts, and of reestablishing the connection with other forms of thought, on the ground that history is in reality the technical basis, or datum, of philosophy, as cognition is the technical basis of will.

Occupied with other interests Croce left the subject in this condition until he was stimulated by the "Historiography" of E. Fueter—perhaps the most brilliant and profound historical achievement of the present century—to write a number of articles which appeared in Italian reviews during the years 1911-12, and which are now offered by Mr. Ainslie to the English-reading public. Though on the whole not comparable to Fueter, and though extremely difficult reading—for if Croce in Italian is "clarus ob obscuram linguam," his translator has not done anything to make him easier—the "Philosopher of the Spirit," as he calls himself, must be allowed to have made an important contribution to the subject.

His first elaborated position now draws a distinction between chronicle as an act of will and history as an act of thought, and follows this with the conclusion that "every true history is contemporary history." History is living chronicle, chronicle is dead history, for we should reverse the ancient maxim and should say: "first comes history and then chronicle." "Do you wish to understand the true history of a Ligurian or Sicilian neolithic man? First of all try to make yourself mentally into a Ligurian or Sicilian neolithic man; and if this be impossible, or you do not care to do this, content yourself with describing and classifying and arranging in a series the skulls, the utensils, the inscriptions belonging to those neolithic peoples." But this last is not history; it is mere pedantry. History is "that of the individual so far as he is universal and of the universal so far as he is individual." The whole thought was summed up with more power by an American with whom Croce, with all his wide reading, is unacquainted. You will find it in the first sentence of Emerson's essay on History: "There is one mind common to all individual men. . . . What Plato has thought any man may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done."

Asking how one can attain to this contemporary history which is the only true one, Croce first knocks down a number of predecessors with no more trouble than most thinkers have taken in accomplishing that necessary task. In the first place, the philologist can be "correct" but cannot be "true," because philology spontaneously dissolves under criticism, and because it relies on documents which can furnish only "extrinsic reason," whereas for conviction we require "intrinsic reason." But if the philologists imagine a vain thing, the writers of "cosmological romances," that is, all historians inspired by patriotic, humanitarian, oratorical, or didactic ideals, are still madder. After meting out this severe justice to his predecessors, Croce assures us that "history never metes out justice but always justifies." So thoroughly is the work of destruction done, so complete the skepticism implied by the process, that one's eagerness to know what history truly is becomes almost unbearable before it is finally revealed that history is identical with philosophy, for both are forms of knowledge of the eternal present. At this point Croce might lay himself open to severe criticism, did not his position finally amount to a complete mysticism and his "gnoseology" (as he calls it) to the simple assertion "quod nihil scitur." History and philosophy may indeed be equated when each seems to be equal to zero.

As a matter of fact, however, Croce does not rest in the Nirvana of complete negation but comes to life again with the argument that history, being philosophy, must deal with the spirit. Thus there is a certain truth, he admits, in the doctrine of Vico and Hegel, but only with a qualification that practically eviscerates their speculations by annihilating their dualism. History is indeed the work of reason or of providence, but we must take care not to assume that these abstractions take any extra-human form, whether as God, as nature, as fate, as spirit of the time, as genius of the race, or as what not. These ideas are seen only in individuals, and so identify the universal and particular that we cannot speak of the wisdom of the "idea" or of the "spirit," and of the folly or illusion of individuals. Thus it is that Croce's mysticism becomes materialistic.

In the second part of his book the author passes in review the various schools of historiography with many a discerning

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criticism of each. The Graeco-Roman school he finds poetic, pessimistic, apodictic, and pragmatic (by the last two words is really meant "didactic" and "political"). The Middle Ages, with Augustine, brought in the idea of progress, i.e., of rationality and providence. Eusebius also found a more universal interest in religion than the Greeks, even Polybius, had found in the mutual relationship of states. After this came the Renaissance, which found in history "the adequate foundation of the sciences," and defined it as "the knowledge of single things of which it is useful to preserve the memory for the purpose of living well and happily." Followed the Enlightenment with its discovery that "the true ancients, i.e., the men of most expert and mature mind, were the moderns." Reason was worshiped as the universal guide to all happiness and the general criterion of all values, thus replacing, or rather simply transforming, the medieval ideas of providence, redemption, and the millennium. The discovery of such constantly operating forces as geography, government, and religion, the invention of the phrases "spirit of the time," "genius of the people," were but so many attempts to put causality into the universal order.

After the rationalists the Romantic school inaugurated what Croce well calls "nostalgic" history. Their main idea was to "restore" a long lost time, to make vivid the habits of men of bygone ages. These men first learned to justify everything, Socrates and his judges, Shakespeare for his style and Voltaire for finding fault with his style. Even Karl Marx voiced a grandiose eulogy of the bourgeoisie in the very Manifesto intended to put an end to it. Each age was now judged solely by itself, and each man according to his own lights.

Finally came the positivist or scientific historians, with their demand for the integration of historical events, for the unity of narration and document, and for the idea of the immanence of development. Their complete neutrality and objectivity Croce finds impossible, even in the great Ranke. Masterpiece though his history of the popes was, for example, it fell into the dilemma of trying to represent the papacy neither as a divine institution, nor as a lie, though Croce claims that there is no third possibility. In fact, the positivists, or naturalists, or criticists, or sociologists, or whatever the new writers called themselves, really had a philosophy even while disclaiming it. It is not even possible to prove or disprove miracles from the purely philological method; one finds in history what one seeks in it; the inquirer ever comes out of the door by which he enters. This is the end and the climax of Croce's thought, that historical research must not only be based on but must be identical with philosophy.

In conclusion, it must be repeated that this book is well worth the painstaking study it requires. If I have here and there questioned its results it is less from the desire to pick flaws in a fine work than in obedience to an injunction of Croce himself. In another work, he compares the reviewer who is content with paraphrasing an author to the German audience which frequently add their vocal efforts to the music of the orchestra and for whose admonition are posted up the signs "Mitsingen verboten." In the present instance I have endeavored to give, with a just appreciation of the book, enough of my own "reactions" to furnish sport to the audience. PRESERVED SMITH

Maxwell Bodenheim

Introducing Irony. A Book of Poetic Short Stories and Poems. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. $2.

IT is a tragic temptation to shuffle the American poets and look for the aces. I am foolish enough to yield to the temptation and, with hesitant gesture rather than assurance, to lay them on the table. If Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Aiken, and Mr. Bodenheim are not the real aces (and I regret that my pack, not intended for pinochle, limits me to four aces), I still believe that Mr. Bodenheim is one of the four. He does not seem to be as well known as he should be, being a poet for partly "unpoetic" reasons.

Mr. Bodenheim has been called a poet of word overtones. This is a true statement so far as it goes, but it is a little misleading. He gets his "overtones" not by insisting on the word, not by listening hard for the dying clang of its marginal associations, but by a somewhat high-handed, and therefore refreshing, method of juxtaposition. His words, as he sets them down in sequences, make strange companions. They put each other to acid tests, cutting irrelevances out of each other's vitals, and constructing themselves into lines of thought that have the freshness of corroded contours. Mathematics runs through all of his work, as he himself explains in the exhilarating Talmudic exercise entitled An Acrobat, a Violinist, and a Chambermaid Celebrate. Take this passage from the Turmoil in a Morgue:

> "Impulsive doll made of rubbish
> On which a spark descended and ended,
> The white servant-girl, without question or answer,
> Accepts the jest of a universe."

It is a summary, very precise and appropriately impertinent, of the white servant-girl's erotic experience and cosmic philosophy. It has almost as little grease in it as one of those tortuously simple demonstrations, that we remember to have witnessed, of Euclid's more difficult theorems.

What makes Mr. Bodenheim a poet, and not merely a surgeon and applied geometrician, is his fancy. This quality of his work appears even more clearly in "Minna and Myself" (which deserves a vastly greater accessibility than its publishers have given it) than in the present volume. In Old Man, Seaweed from Mars, and a number of other pieces the fancy is elaborate and, if artificial, legitimately so. Numerous images, such as "the rock-like protest of knees," have a value far beyond that of a merely intellectual symbolism. Yet it cannot be denied that Mr. Bodenheim's fancy plays with less abandon in "Introducing Irony" than in his previous work. His passion for the knife has led him to prune too much; in excising the irrelevant he has also cut into the quick of his imagination and drained it of some of its life-blood. It is a pity that bitterness should have made a murderer of his fancy. In "Minna" it was more of a dreamer. And "Minna," while less fiercely exact, is better poetry.

The sardonic intellectualism of this book proceeds not from heartlessness, not truly from philosophic aloofness, but from suffering. It is impossible to disentangle the poet's love and his hatred, to dissever derision from his pity. Irony is here a substitute for tears. The following passages from The Scrub-Woman, significantly styled "a sentimental poem," illustrate Mr. Bodenheim's method of dodging the direct expression of the pity that he feels:

> "Time has placed his careful insult
> Upon your body. . . .
> Neat nonsense, stamped with checks and stripes,
> Fondles the deeply marked sneer
> That Time has dropped upon you. . . .
> When you grunt and touch your hair
> I perceive your exhaustion
> Reaching for a bit of pity
> And carefully rearranging it."

And perhaps the paralyzing turmoil of love and hate has never been more poignantly rendered than in the closing lines of Jack Rose:

> "And when her brother died Jack sat beside
> Her grief and played a mouth-harp while she cried.
> But when she raised her head and smiled at him—
> A smile intensely stripped and subtly grim—
> His hate felt overawed and in a trap,
> And suddenly his head fell to her lap.
> For some time she sat stiffly in the chair,
> Then slowly raised her hand and stroked his hair."

EDWARD SAPIR

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Behind Hedges

Elinor Colhouse. By Stephen Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.
Intrusion. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

THE author of "Elinor Colhouse" has stripped his story of unessentials until it is reduced to one hundred and fifty-seven small pages, but it is as rich and full in the implications of character as any number of pages could make it. Not once does he tell us what his characters are like and not once does his story even mark time while he creates character or atmosphere. Every phrase speeds the narrative on its way and at the same time reveals in itself the mind and soul of the speaker or actor. The book leaves little for a critic to say because within its self-imposed limitations it is almost perfect. A simple story telling of the deliberate trapping of an innocent young Englishman by a cold-hearted American girl, it undertakes no philosophizing and no moralizing save that which is implicit in an icy-cold portrayal of character from a chosen angle, but it touches upon nothing which it does not complete and it leaves no strings dangling. It is merciless with the detachment of the best French *contes*.

Beatrice Kean Seymour's novel is linked with this one by theme but not at all by technique. She belongs to the school which depends upon massiveness rather than upon selection and indulges in elaborate analyses; but she too tells a story of the helpless male in the hands of a calculating woman and gives occasion to remark that of recent years roles seem to have been reversed and that today designing hussies stalk through novels as persistently and as victoriously as the omnipresent male seducers used to do. Her hero, Allan, is a member of one of those typically British families which have no exact counterpart in America. Intelligent, bookish, and tremendously self-contained, they inhabit middle-class castles in Wimbledon or Sutton, and even if they go off to war they return without much visible change to read their well-written journals about the fire or to ramble the countryside in splendid isolation from the promiscuity of life. Though they read poetry they are determined to live none. Accordingly when there enters by accident a beautiful and brainless young vulgarian into such a protected circle it is not surprising that she plays ducks and drakes with the whole crowd and especially with young Allan, who has lived so long in a somewhat bloodless world that a little tangible beauty seems a miracle.

"Intrusion" is likely to be very much more popular than "Elinor Colehouse" because it is warmer and less severe. Also, it will take Miss Seymour a step nearer than did her "Invisible Tides" to the place which she obviously aspires to occupy among the more important contemporary novelists. She demands a hearing from all readers of contemporary fiction, yet hers is not perfect work. Though she tries sincerely to face the realities of English society, there is, perhaps, more of the school to which she belongs in her books than there is definitely of herself as an individual person; and there are signs, also, that at times she has built her story when it would not grow—being, for instance, unnecessarily profuse with accidental deaths. Moreover, it seems to me that she has failed to indicate an adequate criticism of the society she describes and that such a criticism is necessary to bring out the full significance of the story. When the seductive vulgarian has done her worst Miss Seymour makes the gesture of inevitable tragedy, whereas a little deeper penetration would have revealed that here was no mysterious calamity with its roots in unchanging nature, but merely a result of that tradition of fastidious aloofness from life and of cloistered virtue which makes even the tawdriest lures of the flesh seem irresistibly fascinating. Behind his hedges Allan had fancied himself a very modern young man because, among other things, he had some sympathy with free verse, but he seems never to have realized that to free and hence fortify the soul one sane break with the fire-side tradition of life is worth more than a break with all the literary traditions from Hesiod to Tennyson. Though one may build one's physical and spiritual hedges ever so high the world will sometime intrude. Instead of exclaiming with Miss Seymour over the pity of the fact that Allan could not be always protected, I am more inclined to ask if it was not because intrusions had been so rare that this one was so fatal.

J. W. KRUTCH

A Reporter with Brains

The Rising Temper of the East. By Frazier Hunt. Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

IF there must be globe-trotting reporters, which is debatable, then by all means let them be like Frazier Hunt. The average member of the tribe drops in on a country, brushes up with a book or two, picks up a few tritenesses from the hotel lobbies and the club bars, obtains a few ceremonial interviews with officials, gets a little of the erroneous inside stuff which old foreign residents are always ready to dispense, imbibes a few official prejudices from the diplomatic set, and then cables home sagely that there is no doubt the native population is not yet ready for self-government. Not so Frazier Hunt. He has gone about the world seeking out unbeaten paths of thought and feeling. He has deliberately ignored the professional spokesmen. To find out about a country he has looked for his facts among the people who are its natives rather than among the foreign business men and the embassies. Also he has imagination and sympathy. Therein he differs further from his fellow-newspapermen who, whether at home or abroad, hunt ever with the pack and cry with the mob, instinctively truckling to success and bending the knee to power. His, instead, is an instinctive feeling for the underdog.

"I might as well admit it," he says, "common people—Mexican peons, Filipino Taos, Indian ryots, Egyptian fellaheen, Siberian peasants, Chinese coolies, Haitian habitants—these are the people who interest me and it is their struggles and hopes that thrill me."

In China therefore he has gone to the students organizing their national movement against the corrupt Tuchun rulers; in Japan to the handful of laborers just raising their heads against their feudal masters; in Korea to the peasant rebels offering their tragically hopeless passive resistance to Japanese cannon and bayonet; in the Philippines to the American-educated independencistas asking America to redeem President Wilson's pledge of independence; in India to the mystic Gandhi and non-cooperation. Everywhere Mr. Hunt has attuned his ears to the voice of protest. And everywhere he has found surging upward a new passion for liberty; more particularly, liberty from the imperialist oppression of white men.

He has the defect of his qualities, however, and he may also be said to be a little sentimental and even more naive. One has more than a suspicion that he is a little self-conscious about liberalism, that he has but recently discovered liberalism for himself, and, having discovered it in himself, has gone about looking for it in others; and looking for it, has found it; and finding it, has been a little over-ecstatic about it, particularly when he has found it in non-white peoples. I have myself lived somewhat in some of the countries Mr. Hunt has visited and I fear he is a little too enthusiastic and inclined to overweigh merely vocal protestations. I could hardly recommend this book to historians as source material, or even to general readers as an all-sided judgment. Still, this is a minor criticism to make of a man who at least sees with his own eyes and hears with his own ears and can criticize the imperialism of his own country as vigorously and freshly as that of Japan and England. I wish there were some way of compelling all foreign correspondents under penalty to read this book twice.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

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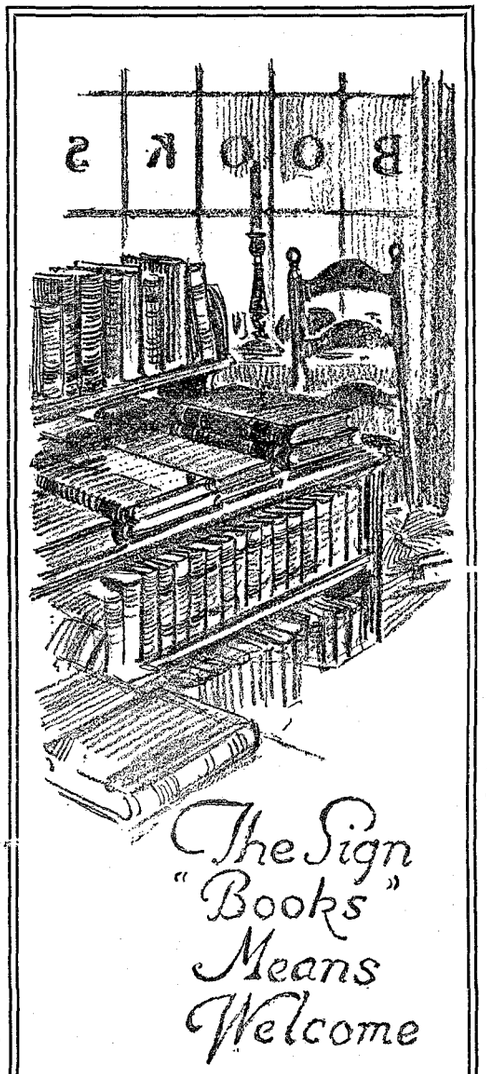

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Drama

The Clown

As Danced by M. Kotchetovsky in the Second Program of Nikolai Balieff's Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris

I

"LET us dance sadly. All things reel
Slung to the spokes of some vast wheel.
Let us dance sadly. Help is none
For any soul under the sun.

"I am shaken not as I have been shaken
By other woes on other days:
Nothing we hunt is overtaken,
Nothing but dust is on these ways.
Friend sees not friend, lover slays lover,
Self-consumed are delight and desire;
So I dance, having given over
Error and ecstasy, flight and fire.

"So I dance. But not as dances
One who faints to make beauty yield,
I am flung forth as men fling lances
Over a stricken field.
With stagnant winds I falter,
With crumbling leaves I race,
There is nothing to sting or alter
This foolish face."

II

"You are not to fancy, ladies and gentlemen, that I always wore this red, woolly wig or dipped my face in flour. I was very human once with yellow hair and a physiognomy of my own. A house was mine and patriotic opinions and, though you may not believe it, love. The house became a prison, yet I had nowhere else to go; patriotism became a sentence of death, yet I thought there was still wine left in my goblet; love talked tirelessly of unselfishness and asked my soul to be a slave. I went to wise men and to wise men's books, for I was a modest and tractable fellow. The wise men nodded their heads and spoke many words. And the sum of their wisdom was this: Everything seems to be true and its contrary seems to be equally true, and what right have you—this each wise man added in an angry voice—to doubt that my system rationalizes the universe and dissolves all discords into harmony? . . . At length I fled forth from my house that was a prison, from the state that was a murderer, from love that was a slave-driver. In the autumn field I saw over the stubble a dry blade of wheat dancing in the keen wind under the faint sunlight. It was on that day I bought me this reddish, woolly wig and this absurd bag-like garment and dipped my face in flour and began to dance sadly this dance of sorrowful forgetfulness."

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III

"I dance. Ah, yes. But when the last moments come
Something in me breaks through the autumnal hum
Of Chopin's music. Suddenly this is
No more a mimicry of futilities,
But youth, an orchard in bloom, and two soft lips,
A book of verse in the grass, warm finger-tips
Upon my hand, and something in the wind
That could bring balm to hearts unmedicined
Forever by all other healing things.
Or else a night of vision filled with wings
And wonder, when the secrets of sea and land
Pulsed like a living bird within my hand;
Or gentle twilit moments undefiled:
My mother, at her window, with her child. . . .

"That is why, at the end, this poor clown lies
Beyond the curtain with his hidden eyes,
Lest you see tears obliterate the trace
Of cosmic folly from his human face."

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Music

The Bach Festival

THERE are a great many of us, I think, who feel that musically there is nothing to do but trudge life's dreary way to next Decoration Day. The seventeenth Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is over, and there will not be another till May, 1923.

If you come into Bethlehem from New York, all you will see of Mr. Schwab's steel works is a flying smudge as the train whirls past miles of mills and furnaces. Once you have left the railroad station, you are in a town in which Sebastian Bach would not have felt himself a stranger. As you board the street car, a substantial citizen interrupts the flow of Pennsylvania Dutch passing between him and the conductor long enough to mutter at your "Gottverdammte satchel." The Moravian housewife upon whom you are billeted tells you that the man conversing in the next room is an Allentowner (seven miles off): you can always tell an Allentown man by his dialect. Apparently you can tell a Bethlehem woman by her sugar cake.

It is from this background that there has arisen the most remarkable community undertaking in this country—the Bach Festival. For it is primarily a community undertaking. One need look no further than the roster of the choir, with its Heffelfingers and Fenstermachers, for evidence that it is the hardware merchant and his wife, the baker and the school teacher, who have sung the stupendous B-Minor Mass fifteen times in the past twenty years. (It has been heard twice in that time in New York, I believe.) Last week the posters on the interurban electrics proclaimed the Allentown Fair, with champion hogs and prize trotting; this week they announce the Bach Festival. And everyone in town knows "Fred" Wolle by his first name.

The choice of the St. Matthew Passion Music for the first day's program this year showed particularly clearly how little the material in the Choir differs from that in the community choruses which brighten our fair land with Silver Threads Among the Gold and Marching Through Georgia in many various cities —including New York, N. Y. Dr. Wolle permitted members of the chorus to sing the minor parts in the Passion: the results ranged from a very fair Pontius Pilate to an impossible Peter. And yet, the publicity agent's "chorus of soloists" (how terrible if there ever should be such a monstrosity!) could not have made so fine a thing of the unbelievable stillness of the Crucifixus or the splendor of the Sanctus in the Mass. For every singer at Bethlehem has that quality which Dr. Wolle has said is the only one he demands: enthusiasm. It is the consequent fine patience which alone makes possible the superb result. It will be seen that this theory of community singing differs from the more widely practiced one of getting the folks together on something they all know; the difference in result should cause others interested in community singing to study Dr. Wolle's methods particularly.

It is, of course, difficult for one who has previously attended the Festival, and knows that the B-Minor Mass, as always, is to be sung on Saturday, to give proper thought to the Friday's program, even if it be the St. Matthew Passion. Particularly is this true of the long passages of the Evangelist's narrative, colorlessly retailed by Mr. Nicholas Douty. Mr. Douty has sung at the Bach Festivals since the very first, if I am correctly informed; and one can recognize the amiable sentiment which causes his continued reengagement. But the Bach Festival is too fine to be ruled by such sentiment. The Passion Music, moreover, shows more clearly than the Mass the materials out of which Bach built his splendors. The noble series of choruses of the Mass is really of one piece with the quaint passage in the Passion Music where Jesus says to the Apostles, "Verily I say to you, one of you shall betray me." The Evangelist recites: "And they grew exceeding sad; and they began, each one of the disciples, to say unto Him"—and there follows, to paint the distress and confusion of the Twelve, a brisk little four part canon on the phrase, "Is it I?" I thought of nothing so much at that moment as of the old Nottingham alabaster relief of the Ascension, with a group of worshiping saints admiring the stately upward movement of the Holy Virgin, indicated by a pair of feet and ankles at the upper margin of the stone. The Passion Music contains more than one such example of Bach's "realism." In the Mass it is all sublimated; so that we may leave it to the astounding Spitta to point out that God's walking upon earth in the form of Man is shown by descending octaves in the orchestra, and that the Sanctus is written for six voices because the seraphim had six wings. Even the regular attendant at Bethlehem (and everyone who comes once is a regular attendant thereafter) will not notice such stiff little figures in their niches in the grand structure of the B-Minor Mass—if indeed Johann Sebastian himself ever designed them.

The duets for voice and instrument in the Passion Music, particularly that for alto (Miss Mabel Beddoe) and violin, and that for soprano (Mrs. Faas) and flute, were beautifully done; but one cannot help feeling that in performing works in which the role of the chorus is so subordinate, Dr. Wolle takes the Bach Choir out of the field in which it is most effective. The years in which the Friday program has consisted of cantatas, motets, and other shorter works have provided more valuable performances.

But certainly no one wants anything but the B-Minor Mass. Sung as it is under Dr. Wolle's leadership, this greatest of Bach's works is one of the supreme achievements of—I was about to follow Dr. van Loon in saying Mankind when I mean Western Europe. The grandeur of the Mass lies so wholly in the inner proportions of the work that it could not be more exalting if sung by three thousand instead of three hundred. It is massive, solid, from the base laid in the first stupendous fugue, Kyrie Eleison; it fills the earth in the breadth of its Sanctus; and it touches the sky with its delicate Agnus Dei, sung so well last week by Merle Alcock.

The Festival comes each year immediately before Decoration Day; and it is the wise music-lover who will remember in February to order tickets. The trip is made doubly pleasurable by the lush valley of the Lehigh and the stately university on the hillside on which the Packer Chapel lies. Only at night, after the late concert, will one sometimes see flames lighting the valley from the chimneys of Mr. Schwab's furnaces. And it is well that we see them, for the music may have led us to forget that steel mills exist. And the Festival endures, we are told, only because "Mr. Schwab generously meets half the deficit."

CHARLES S. ASCHER

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International Relations Section

Russia's Course at Genoa

THE position which the Russian delegation maintained at the Genoa Conference was set forth at the very outset of the Conference in the memorandum submitted by the Russians in reply to the London memorandum of the experts of the Allied governments. In essence, as is known, the Russian reply contained a flat repudiation of the London proposals. This repudiation was supported by a detailed review of the facts leading up to the Cannes resolutions and the Genoa Conference and a history of the international relations of Russia during the years since the revolution. The memorandum was buttressed with documents showing the extent of the Allied intervention in Russia and the responsibility of the Allied governments for the civil war, and it further quoted the opinions of Allied statesmen before the war and of authorities in international law as to the invalidity of claims for reparations for damages suffered by foreign investors during a violent revolution.

The Text of the Memorandum

To begin with the Russian delegation made clear its conception of the basic principles of the Cannes resolutions:

1. Respect for the absolute sovereignty of each nation in determining the forms of ownership and the economic and administrative system in its own country.

2. Legal, judicial, and administrative guaranties of the personal and property rights of foreigners who wish to enter Russia for the purpose of engaging in economic activities.

3. Recognition of the principle of reciprocity for all governments in fulfilling their obligations and in summing up the damages suffered by foreign citizens, as was set forth in the note prepared by the ministers and experts at Cannes for the press. The official character of this note was expressly asserted by the Prime Minister of Great Britain in his speech in Parliament on April 3.

[The memorandum of the experts, however, turned out to be in sad contradiction with the Cannes resolutions. There was talk in the memorandum of the "economic reconstruction" of Russia, but the proposals are such as:] . . . the complete enslavement of the toiling population of Russia to foreign capital, while at the same time the memorandum passes over in silence the main question concerning the necessary measures for the achievement of this economic reconstruction of the country. This silence is the more incomprehensible since it is impossible to imagine any economic resurrection of Europe from the industrial disaster through which it is passing without the restoration of the productive forces of Russia, especially in face of such facts as the limitation of markets, the lack of food products and raw materials, and, finally, the constantly increasing number of unemployed which, in Europe and America alone, has at no time been less than nine million during the last years. During the years 1916-1920 England, Italy, France, and Germany produced annually twenty-five million tons of grain less than before the war, and the continued absence of the eight million tons which they had annually imported from Russia would subject them to a very serious food crisis besides robbing their industry of every possibility of further development. American grain is already becoming too expensive for Europe. The lack of market facilities and the want of buyers who are in a position to pay have brought about the present state when industry is producing less than 50 per cent of its capacity.

Such is the situation which prompted the Cannes resolutions and the Genoa Conference, and although it is evident that the central point of the whole problem is the reconstruction of Russia and the West and not the restoration of the rights and profits of a small group of Russian creditors, still the London memorandum lays the main stress upon the latter question. . . . A quick restoration of the economic forces of Russia can be attained only through immediate and energetic aid to the Russian people by European capital and European technique in the form of long-term credits in cash and goods. . . .

The demands for guaranties of the rights of foreigners, set forth in paragraph 8 and the following paragraphs of the London memorandum, are evidently based upon an insufficient knowledge of the new Russian laws. During the last months the Russian Government has adopted the following judicial measures: (1) Freedom of internal trade; (2) legal guaranties for the freedom of industrial initiative and private capital in the enterprises which were left by the Government under private management; (3) liberty for everyone to engage in all forms of industrial and commercial activity which has not been forbidden; (4) personal protection for all citizens and especially for foreigners against illegal requisitions, confiscations, arrests, etc.; (5) special guaranties which may be provided to foreign concessionnaires by the concession agreements; (6) a civil code and civil courts with the collaboration of jurists.

The labor organizations of Soviet Russia have resolved to give all of their attention primarily to the protection of labor and the regulation of the relations between workers and entrepreneurs in the form of collective agreements and they renounce all interference in the management of production.

The memorandum goes on to relate the story of the nationalization of property and points out the fact that this measure especially in regard to foreigners has to a considerable degree been prompted by the attitude which the Allied governments had assumed toward the Soviet Government immediately after it seized power in Russia and the further policy of intervention which prevented Soviet Russia from the pursuit of peaceful development.

It has been proved in fact that even during the first months of its existence the Soviet Government dealt successfully with all the local elements that attempted rebellions. And only where the local elements were organized and actively supported by the Allied governments which supplied them with money, arms, munitions, and military instructors, did these small sporadic rebellions assume the dimensions of whole fronts of civil war accompanied by savage excesses, such as the destruction of whole villages, terrible Jewish pogroms, and similar atrocities. Military experts invariably agree on the established fact that, without the intervention of foreign Powers, the separate local uprisings in Russia would never have assumed the character of a destructive civil war, and therefore the guilt and responsibility of the Allied governments for the organization and support of the civil war in Russia and for the enormous losses suffered by the Russian people and the Russian state is beyond the least doubt. . . .

Reparation for Russia

The intervention and blockade on the part of the Allied Powers and the civil war which they have fostered for three years caused Russia losses far exceeding all possible claims of foreigners who suffered from the Russian revolution. Besides the Russian gold and goods which have been seized or exported abroad, the Russian state demands reparations for the destroyed railways, bridges, rolling stock, harbor constructions, vessels sunk, as well as factories, works, and innumerable properties of private citizens in the cities and villages. It also demands the return of the navy and the merchant marine, which were seized by the Allied Powers directly or through the "White" armies under the protection of the Allied Powers. . . .

These claims of the Russian people and state are more

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justifiable than the claims of the former owners of property in Russia and holders of Russian bonds, citizens of nations which were victorious in the World War and which received enormous contributions from the conquered peoples—claims which are addressed to a country ruined by war and foreign intervention and desperately struggling for existence within those forms of government which it considers the only ones possible for itself.

It is even more strange to hear the demands for reparations for losses suffered by nationals of the Powers which had unsuccessfully waged war against Russia from the representatives of governments which, during the war, applied the right of seizing private property belonging to citizens of the enemy countries, and, by the Treaty of Versailles, confirmed this right even for times of peace. . . .

As to the war debts of Russia, the memorandum declares specifically that the Russian delegation must reject these claims in the most emphatic manner "as an inadmissible attempt to burden ruined Russia with a considerable part of the war expenses of the Allies."

What is here defined as the war debts of Russia in reality represents the war materials produced in the factories of the Allied countries and sent to the Russian front with the aim of assuring the victory of the Allied armies. The Russian people has sacrificed for the common cause of the Allied Powers more human lives than all the rest taken together. It suffered enormous material losses, and the outcome of the war brought it the loss of enormous territory which is of the greatest importance for its development. And although the other Allies have, in accordance with the terms of the peace treaty, annexed much new territory and exacted a large indemnity, still they would have the Russian people pay the expenses of an enterprise which was so profitable for others! . . .

As a result of the war the economic conditions of all European countries are in a state of depression. . . . And at a time when states renounce payments upon their obligations, or at any rate actually do not pay, when private enterprises and banks are becoming bankrupt, and when the toiling masses of all the world are paying for the upheaval of the war by a lowering of their standard of living, the memorandum of the experts would single out one group of individuals, the creditors of Russia, who alone in all the world would remain unaffected by the disasters of the war and would continue to receive payment in full and the full amount of interest on their accounts, as though the Russian revolution had insured them against all losses suffered by the masses of the people and capitalists everywhere. . . .

The Russian delegation emphatically draws the attention of public opinion in all countries to the fact that while in its negotiations and because of its willingness to reach an agreement the Government of Soviet Russia is urging the interests of the future of its own country and the interests of the economic development of all Europe, the agreement may fail or be postponed through the narrow selfish interests of a small group of creditors of Russia, who unfortunately are exerting too great an influence upon the policies of their governments.

How the Allies Fought Russia

Appended to the memorandum was a collection of documents showing the part played by the Allies in the counter-revolution and in the civil war that devastated Russia. We print below translations of a few of the more significant of these documents.

Extracts from a speech by General Ironside, the English commander of the North front, delivered before a meeting of officers, military physicians, and managing officers in Archangel on November 12, 1918.

As we know, the military forces of the Allies have landed in Murmansk and Archangel. More military forces will be landed in other places. Our aim is to fight bolshevism in Russia. Every one should always bear in mind that the Allies have come here only for the sake of giving the Russians a chance to reinforce law and order.

Extracts from a speech by M. Pichon, French Foreign Minister, delivered on December 30, 1919.

. . . The operations of the Allies in Russia are defensive rather than offensive. Their aim is to keep the Bolsheviks away from the Ukraine, the Caucasus, and eastern Russia, but also to create and maintain a defensive front for these provinces. In case there should be a necessity for an offensive for the suppression of the Bolsheviks, it will be in the hands of Russian fighting forces. It is very important that the Russians themselves clearly recognize this necessity. Our assistance aims only to insure their material advantage over the Bolsheviks.

Treaty between Petlura, president of the Ukrainian Anti-Soviet Government, and the French commander, of February 5, 1919.

1. France receives as a concession all Ukrainian railways for fifty years.

2. The Ukraine accepts the obligation to pay her share of the debts of the Czarist regime and the provisional government. The payment of interest upon these debts is guaranteed by that part of the railway profits which is promised the Ukrainian Government by the treaty.

3. The Directory (the Ukrainian Government) shall organize an army of 300,000 men before the end of the year.

4. During five years after the signing of the treaty the whole financial, commercial, industrial, and military policies of the Ukraine should be placed under the immediate control of the representatives of the French Government.

Telegram from the British Minister of War to Admiral Kolchak, on October 10, 1919.

Personal and confidential.

The success which has crowned the extraordinary efforts of the army of Your Excellency fills me with joy beyond words. Notwithstanding the distance which separates us I am firmly convinced that this success amid such difficult conditions could have been attained only by your unwavering bravery and determination.

Some time ago the British Government decided to concentrate your forces on the front of General Denikin for the following reasons: (1) Because of the greater proximity and accessibility of his front; (2) because of the probability of the United States rendering support to the Siberian armies, since the latter bear the greatest responsibility.

I am happy to inform you that, upon my motion, the Cabinet agreed to assign half a million pounds more for the sending of war materials and arms to General Denikin.

The British Mission in Southern Russia will consist of 2,000 officers. Their main aim will be to carry out the promptest distribution as need will arise.

Your Excellency will appreciate that in face of the exhaustion which our finances have suffered during the efforts of the past five years, this credit represents almost the maximum of the material assistance which we are able to render.

The Cabinet is of the opinion that since Denikin's army is not far from Moscow and since it has occupied the agricultural and mining centers of Russia it is necessary and expedient to continue to support this army. . . .

Treaty between the Allies and Admiral Kolchak, signed January 16, 1919.

1. General Janin is the commander-in-chief of the Allied fighting forces operating in eastern Russia and in Siberia east of the Baikal. Since, on the other hand, General Janin has also been authorized by the Czecho-Slovakian Government to carry out the functions of commander of the troops of this state, the Czecho-Slovaks will enter into a compact with him with the aim of regulating the questions arising from the organization changes which are taking place on the front that has so far been managed by them.

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2. In order to attain a unity of action on the whole front, the Russian commander-in-chief will bring the management of his operations into accord with the directions which he will receive from General Janin, representing the Interallied Highest Command.

3. As soon as the unified plans are adopted in accord with the conditions laid down in paragraph 2, all the orders and instructions of the Russian Chief of Staff who acts as the delegate of the Highest Command, shall be sent in. . . .

4. For this purpose General Janin will have at his disposal a staff which, in questions concerning unity of action, will work in accord with the Russian staff and, on the other hand, will regulate the operations of the Allied fighting forces.

5. . . . The general may, in agreement with the Russian commander-in-chief, place his own officers on the staffs and in military units. The above-named officers may eventually serve as technical counselors.

6. General Knox will collaborate with General Janin in all questions which are connected with materials sent in from abroad. In accord with the Russian War Minister he, together with General Janin, will decide upon the orders for materials from the Allies and insure the prompt delivery of these materials to the front. . . . General Knox is also authorized to cooperate in the organization and creation of supplementary troops, in accordance with the general directions of General Janin. Instructors, either French or English, will be placed at his service.

7. In questions concerning the material aid which is to be rendered by the Allied governments, all initial requests for foreign shipments should be indorsed by General Janin and General Knox on the one hand and by the Russian War Minister on the other. . . .

(Signed) Admiral Kolchak,
General Janin,
N. R. Petain,
Alfred Knox, Major General

Omsk, January 16, 1919

Russia Looks Back on Genoa

On May 16 a report on the Genoa Conference was made by A. Joffe at the third session of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee. The committee then adopted the following resolution, published in the Moscow *Izvestia* of May 18.

The delegation of the RSFSR and the allied Soviet republics properly executed its tasks by defending the fullest national independence of the RSFSR, by taking a strong stand against the attempts at enslaving the Russian workers and peasants, and by its energetic opposition to the efforts of foreign capitalists to restore private property in Russia. The delegation also upheld the interests of the toiling people of the RSFSR and of the fraternal Soviet republics when it concluded the agreement with Germany on a basis of full equality and reciprocity. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee particularly emphasizes the proper course taken by the delegation when it introduced the proposal of general disarmament at the first meeting of the Conference. This proposal of the delegation of the RSFSR expresses the interests and desires not only of the toiling masses of Russia, but the interests of the toiling people of all the world and of all oppressed and enslaved peoples and nations as well.

The All-Russian Central Executive Committee greatly deplores the fact that this proposal of the delegation of the RSFSR did not meet with the support of the representatives of the other Powers and that it was not put to discussion. By rejecting this proposal the Powers left the peoples subject to a constant menace of new wars and bloody encounters. The toiling masses of all the world cannot cease their efforts to assure peace at any price and they will have to seek guaranties for this peace.

The international political and economic situation is characterized by the utter instability of the capitalist system as a whole. Politically this is expressed in the absence of real peace, in the growth of armaments, in the increasing antagonism between the great Powers, in the menace of new great imperialist wars, in colonial uprisings and national wars, etc. The Genoa Conference vividly exposed the deepening split between England and France, between Japan and the United States, between the victorious countries and Germany, between France and Italy, etc. It revealed the fictitious character not only of the League of Nations, but also of the so-called Entente. On the other hand the civil war in Ireland, the civil wars in China, India, Egypt, the national war of Turkey against enslavement by foreign capital, and the general acuteness of the social class conflicts (the strikes in England, the labor rebellions in South Africa, the lockout in Denmark, the strikes in Germany, etc.)—all these are indications of the continued deterioration of the social and political system of capitalism.

Economically this deterioration is fully expressed by the fact that the victorious countries, powerful and enriched by the war which in the long run assumed the form of unhidden cynical robbery, are unable to restore the old capitalist relationships even now, three and a half years after the end of the war. The Treaty of Versailles is bankrupt in fact and in the consciousness even of the bourgeois classes. The cruel world crisis, the exchange chaos, the impossibility of regulating on a capitalist basis the questions of mutual financial claims and debts, the lost equilibrium between America and Europe, the deep degradation of some of the countries of Europe, and the impossibility, which is clear even to bourgeois scientists and politicians, of restoring economic conditions without including Russia in the economic relations—these are all symptoms of decay. Therefore the first paragraph of the Cannes resolutions recognizing the equality of the two systems of ownership (private capitalist ownership and communist ownership, so far accepted only in the RSFSR), is thus compelled to affirm, although indirectly, that the first system of ownership is failing, that wedges have been driven into it by the new forms of ownership which have revealed their vitality notwithstanding most unfavorable conditions. The other paragraphs of the Cannes conditions as well as the memorandum of the Powers at Genoa are contradictory to this assumption and are thus doomed to failure.

The real equality of these two systems of ownership and an agreement between them, even though only as a temporary state—since the whole world has not passed from private ownership with the crises, economic chaos, and wars which it generates, to a higher system of ownership—is acknowledged only in the treaty of Rapallo. Whatever the direct results of the Genoa Conference may be, the trend of international relations indicates that at the present stage of historical development the temporary existence of the two systems of ownership, the communist and the bourgeois, is inevitable, and this compels even the most uncompromising enemies of Soviet Russia to seek for an agreement with the communist system of ownership now that the attempts of the last four years to liquidate this system by force have failed.

Therefore the All-Russian Central Executive Committee:

Welcomes the Russo-German Treaty concluded at Rapallo as the only proper way out of the difficulties, chaos, and dangers of war;

Considers that such treaties are the normal expression of the relationship between the RSFSR and the capitalist states;

Authorizes the Council of People's Commissars and the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs to frame their policy in conformity with the above spirit;

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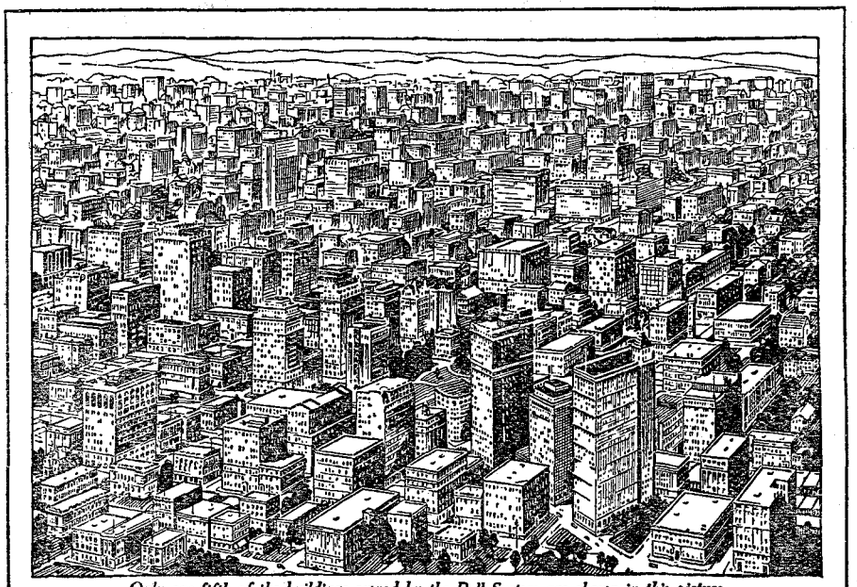

Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city, made by grouping together *one-fifth* of the buildings owned by the Bell System, and used in telephone service. Picture to yourself a city *five times* as great and you will have an idea of the amount of real estate owned by the Bell System throughout the country.

If all these buildings were grouped together, they would make a business community with 400 more buildings than the total number of office buildings in New York City, as classified by the Department of Taxes and Assessments.

Next to its investment in modern telephone equipment, the largest investment of the Bell System is in its 1,600 modern buildings, with a value of $144,000,000. Ranging in size from twenty-seven stories down to one-story, they are used principally as executive offices, central offices, storehouses and garages. The modern construction of most of the buildings is indicated by the fact that the investment in buildings is now over three times what it was ten years ago.

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type furnished by the Treaty of Rapallo only upon extraordinary occasions when such departure would be compensated for by special gains for the toiling masses of the RSFSR and the allied Soviet Republics.

Chairman of the Central Executive Committee,
M. KALININ
Secretary of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee,
A. YENUKIDZE

Moscow, May 16, 1922

The Monarchists Commend Mr. Hughes

ACCORDING to the New York Russian monarchist paper *Prikarpatskaia Russ* of May 20, the "Highest Monarchist Council" addressed the following "note" to Secretary of State Hughes indicating where the Government may expect to find support for its Russian policy.

DEAR SIR:

The Highest Monarchist Council heading all the Russian monarchist organizations was deeply gratified to learn that the Government of the United States had declined all official participation at the Genoa Conference to which representatives of the Soviets had been invited by the European Powers.

The Highest Council of the Russian monarchists has never recognized the Soviets as the legal government of Russia. It has repeatedly called the attention of the Powers to the danger which menaces the world by reason of the very existence of such a destructive system based upon crime and the violation of all the spiritual and moral laws and statutes of Christian peoples.

The Highest Monarchist Council has deeply regretted the steps taken by the European governments, the results of which will inevitably lead toward the recognition of the tyrants of Russia and will strengthen their rule over the unhappy country. But the truthful, eloquent, and noble voice of the United States in this affair gave new hopes to all real Russian patriots. The Highest Monarchist Council is perfectly aware of the importance of the American point of view and the numerous good results it will bring to the whole world.

Firmly convinced of the inevitability of the establishment of a monarchy in Russia, the Highest Monarchist Council, in the name of the Russia that is to be, expresses its deep gratitude to the Government of the United States for the service it has rendered their fatherland, a service which resurrected Russia will never forget.

Contributors to This Issue

LUCIEN PRICE is an editorial writer on the Boston *Globe*.

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RUSSIA

Is an interesting place to many readers of *The Nation*. The efforts of American workers to aid in the reconstruction of Russian industry can be followed through the pages of the Kuzbas *Bulletin*, which is forwarded free to *Nation* readers desiring the same.

The Kuzbas organization was referred to in *The Nation* of June 14th as "an indication that some groups of American workers have courage and altruism surpassing anything so far exhibited by governments or financiers."

For further information and Bulletin write

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